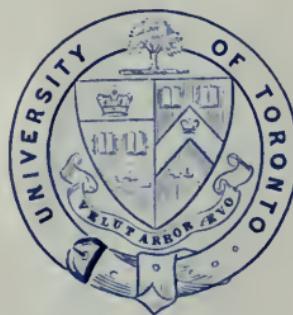


FOLLOWING THE FLAG

Notices
of
a Jaunt Round the World

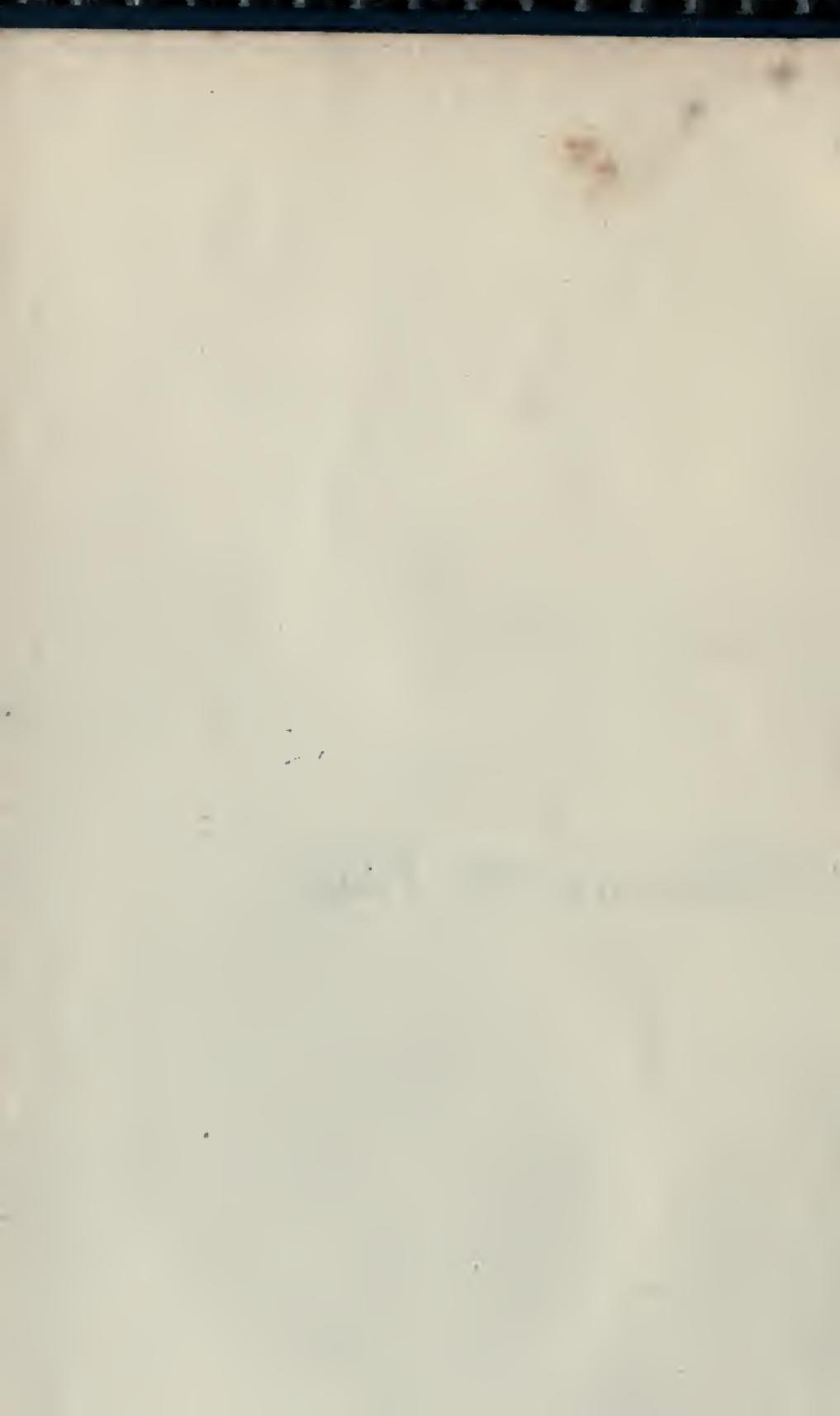
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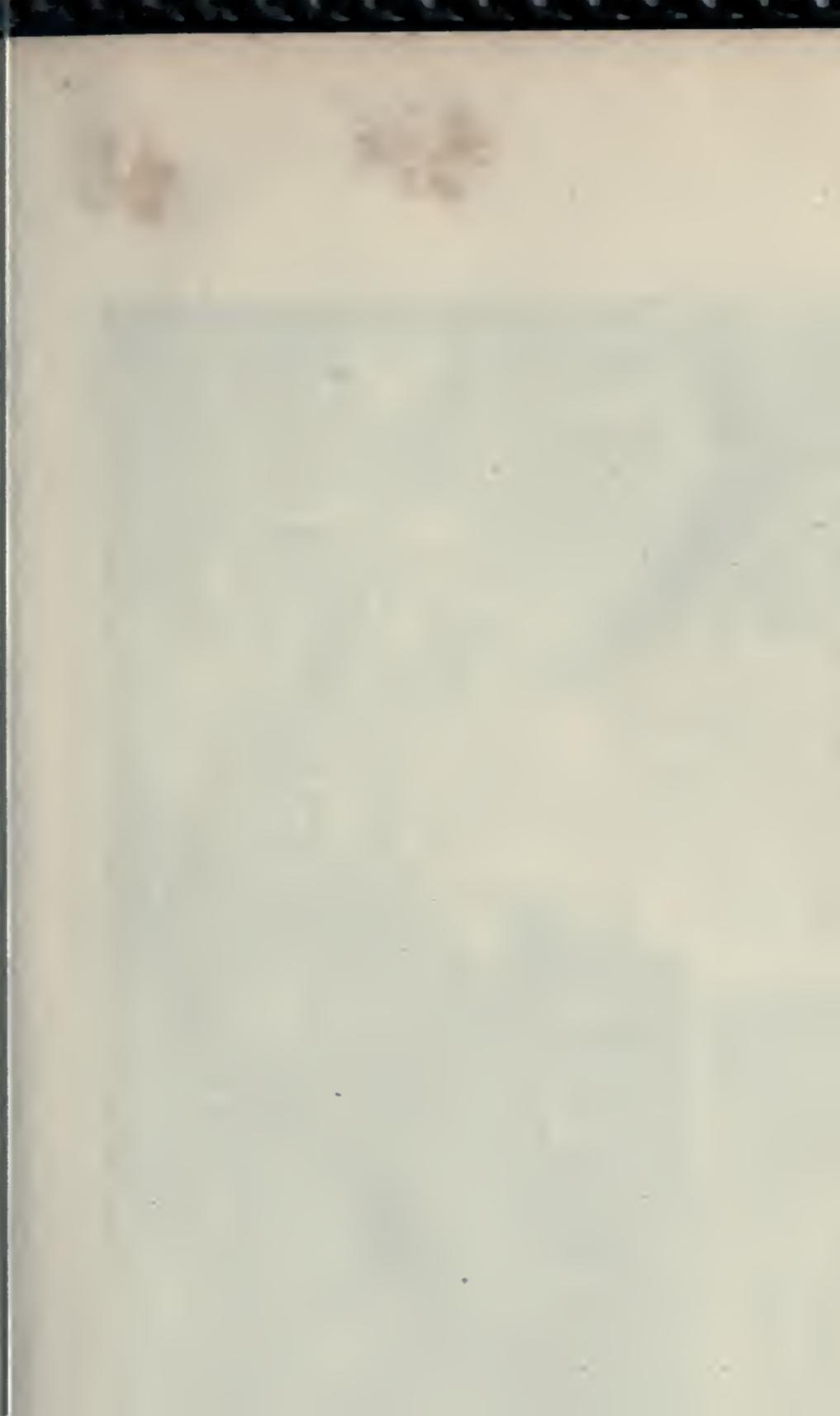


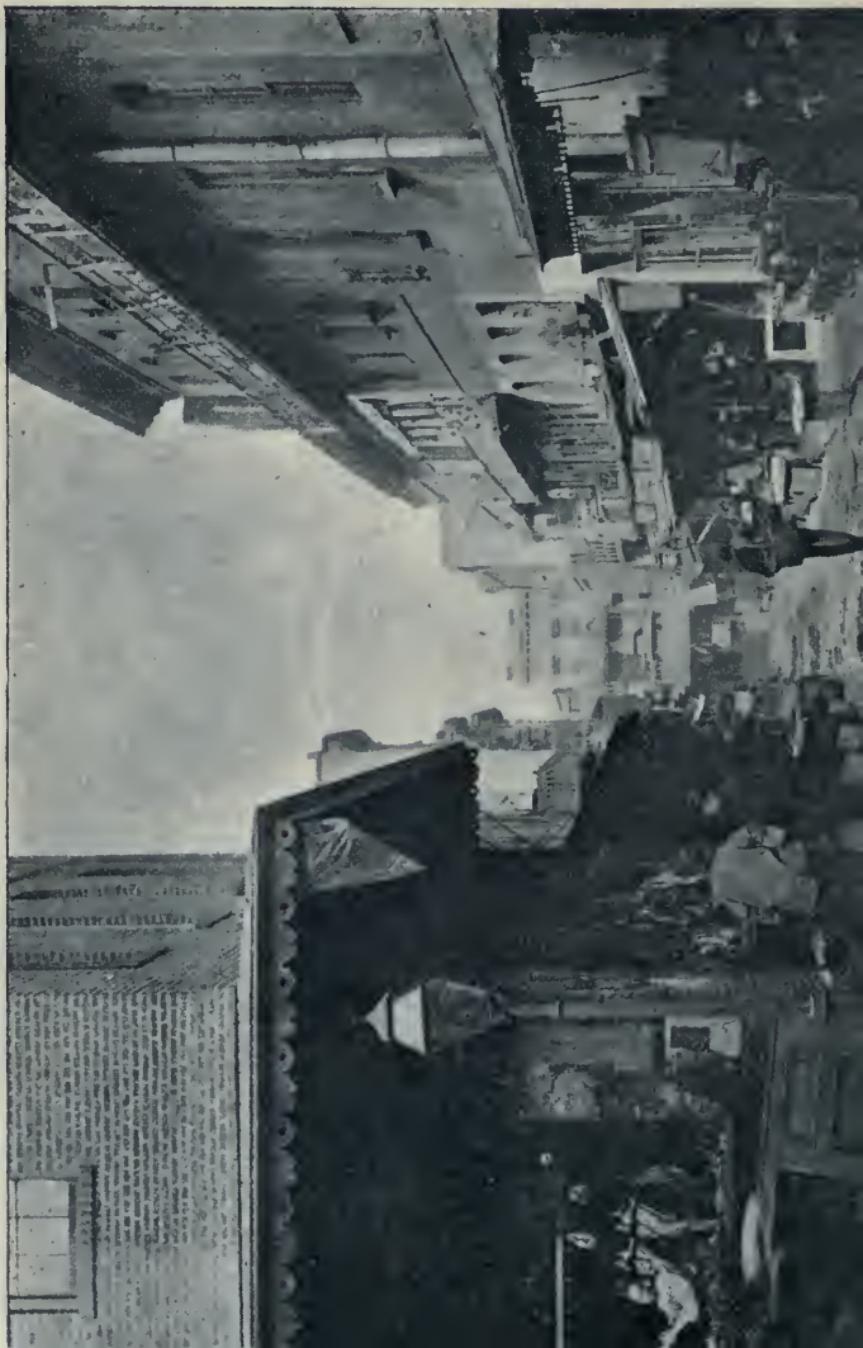
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Following the Flag.







—
L^Goy

Following

the Flag

JOTTINGS OF A JAUNTED ROU
THE WORLD

William
W. H. ^{BY} Kelh
LEVER, Viscount

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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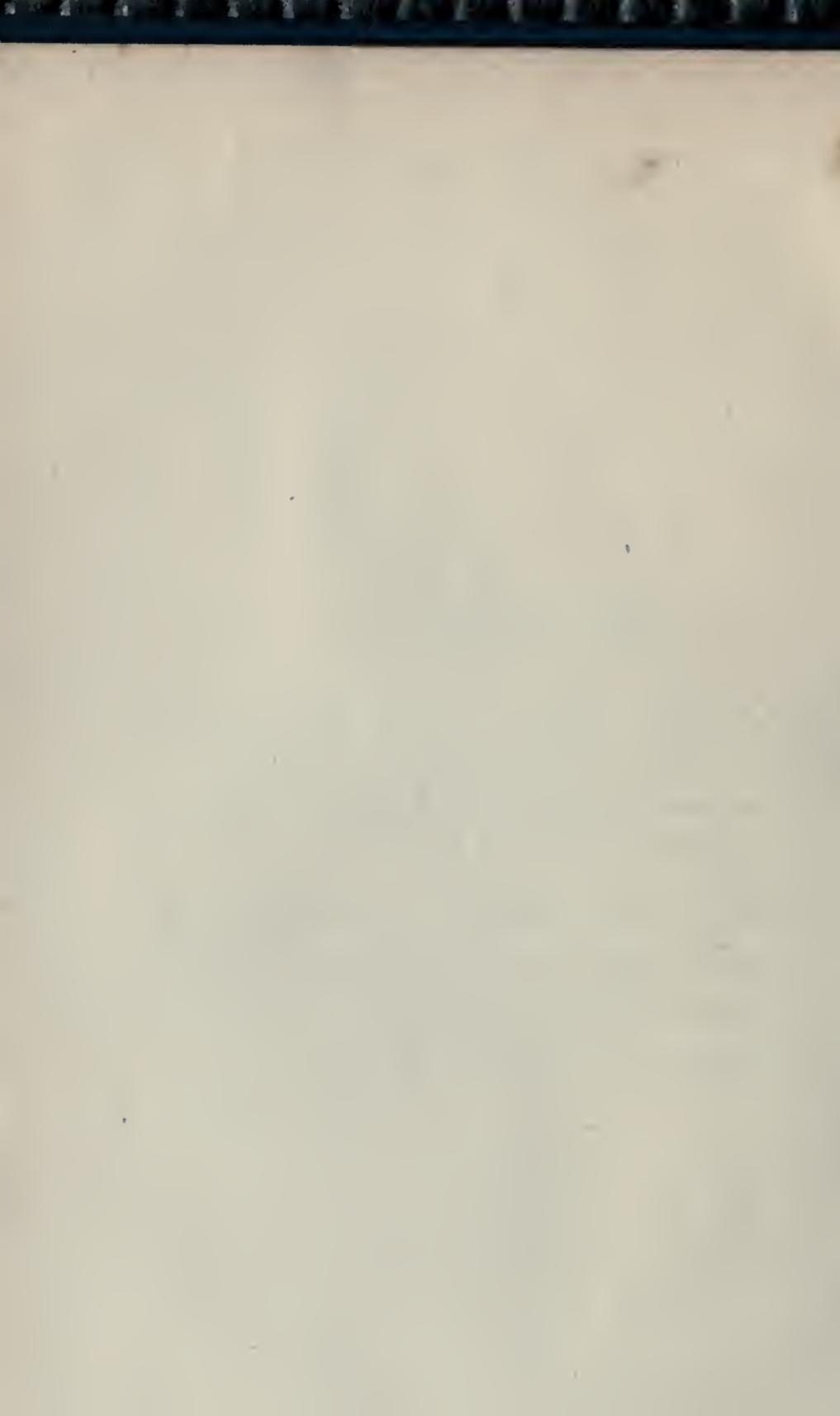
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INTRODUCTORY.

These Jottings are records of a Voyage round the World, from September, 1892, to March, 1893, the route being through Canada and the States to the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, and Australia, and home by the Suez Canal.

The jottings originally appeared in the form of letters to "The Birkenhead News," and the Illustrations are from Photographs, some few of which were taken by the writer, the remainder purchased at the places to which they refer.

W. H. LEVEY



TORONTO.



INDIAN BABY.

ON the arrival of the "Germania" in New York we were detained by quarantine regulations for a twelve hours. This appeared to all impatient passengers quite needless, seeing that there was not a solitary case of sickness of any kind on board, and that we had been practically quarantined on the Atlantic for nine long days. But we were told that it was absolutely necessary for the sanitary authorities of New York

to show how vigilant and careful they were, and that we had to be sacrificed to encourage implicit faith on the part of the American public in the completeness of all the arrangements made by the medical officers for preventing the introduction of cholera.

We took a cab to the hotel, paying three dollars (12s. 6d.) for a distance for which we should pay 2s. 6d. in England. This little incident reminds one of a story. A certain well-known merchant from Liverpool, a tall, fine, dignified, and impressive man, a trifle pompous perhaps, and with a due idea of his own importance—on his first arrival in New York, took a cab, and in time reached his hotel. He looked out for the hotel porter to lift down his luggage, but none being forthcoming, he, with great dignity, reached his belongings down himself, the driver not offering the slightest assistance. "Driver, what is your fare?" "Four dollars." "Are you sure that is your right fare?" "No, I ain't; my fare is five dollars, but you looked so miserable half-starved rat I guess I made it four dollars for you."

cause, he was so "bounced" that he paid the four dollars lamb, and carried his luggage into the hotel with as dignity as the occasion was capable of. One can imagine a shock he must have suffered, and how strange and fortunate everything would seem when he afterwards, in the dining-room, called the waiter. Instead of the brisk "sir," "Coming, sir," "Directly, sir," "Yes, sir; what get for you, sir?" accompanied by the hurrying eager oblige, to which we are accustomed at home, he would be put up with the loitering, free-and-easy stroll across the room of the American waiter, with his short "What do you want?" generally indifferent way of doing things.

The first great impression one receives on landing at New York is of the hurry and bustle of the place, the nervous energy, the vitality and force of the American people, and the speed at which buildings there are being put up. At a succeeding visit, however short the interval, one notes the changes in the appearance of every American city.

During our stay at Toronto we were told that we were to hear one of their celebrated preachers who had a great popularity. We went, and could hardly believe that we were attending a religious service on a Sunday morning. The thing was conducted in so entirely different a manner to what we are accustomed to in England. Perhaps we are slow in these matters, but it did seem to me that in this particular instance our older fashioned way was the best. The audience—or I suppose I ought rather to say the congregation—applauded whenever the Minister said anything that particularly appealed to them, and as this occurred very frequently, there was a constant clapping of hands and stamping of feet. The Sunday morning on which we were there happened to be the occasion of their annual collection in aid of the missions, and the collection was made just before the sermon began. The minister announcing it in the following words: "Well, it is Sunday in October is here at last, and a long time it has been coming, that is, to some of us. (Laughter.) Well, it is now, anyway, and a bright Sunday it is. Trade is good,

TORONTO.

boys, go ahead with the boxes." During the collection a boy of about sixteen played a cornet solo ; and, when he had finished, the minister turned round to him and said, " Well, boy, you strum pretty well on that instrument. Another day, mind you come right here to the front ; you are a good-looking boy, we want to see you." In the same way, in reading the chapter out of the Bible, he made running comments, reducing the situation to parallels with every-day nineteenth century life in a way that was not agreeable to listen to, especially when every now and then these flying remarks called forth clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

At night we went to the English Church Cathedral, and as you would expect, we found the church that was neither established nor endowed by the State to be robust, vigorous, and filled to overflowing. We had the pleasure of hearing a good hearty, sermon. The preacher, the Reverend Canon Dumont, took for his subject, " My people." He pointed out however radical or democratic a man might be, he was not more radical or democratic as the Bible, or as the church and religion when founded on the Bible ; that religion and the church of the people, for the people, by the people ; that all church must be in the hands of the people, not in the hands of the State or clergy, or beyond the direct control of the people. He also said that in thirty out of the thirty-seven churches in Toronto, the seats were entirely free, and that the worshippers could sit in any seat they found vacant ; also that they hoped to make the remainder free in a very short time. He made a strong comparison between this state of affairs and the exclusiveness of the dissenting churches and chapels of Toronto, in which he said certain pews were appropriated by certain worshippers, thus encouraging exclusiveness and doing away with the equality amongst the worshippers that ought to exist. This was a hard hit, and I agreed that it was a well-deserved one, but I had to rub my eyes to see whether we were really in the Toronto Cathedral of the English Church, or at some Radical meeting. If a dis-established and dis-endowed church can be so strong and robust, so in touch with the life of the people, so opposite

people or suffer loss in any way on that account. Should ever happen, it will be Dissenters of all denominations will require to broaden their ideas that they may not suffer the change, or be in danger of losing the hold they now possess.

Everywhere in Canada and the States one finds electricity and the electric light developed far beyond what we see in our day life in England. The tramcars in almost all the cities are driven by electricity. The houses, shops, and streets are lit up by the same means. I have seen lighted by electricity even the smallest shops, of the class we call in England "toffy shops"—that is, shops with a bottle of sweets, a piece of bathbric, and two pipes crossed in the window.

CHICAGO.

WE spent a few days in Chicago, visiting the World's Fair, and as far as one could judge in its present incom-
plete state, the Americans have every cause to feel proud of this moment of their energy. For picturesqueness of situation, beauty and extent of buildings, arrangement, conception, and general execution, it leaves nothing to be desired, and ought to be the finest Exhibition the world has ever seen. The Fair is unique, extending over 700 acres of park land on the shores of that beautiful inland sea, Lake Michigan. The dimensions of the buildings are proportionate to this enormous area, the ground covered by the main building alone being 40 acres, and the total area covered by all the buildings being over 200 acres. In addition to size, which of itself is already impressive, each building, from a purely architectural point of view, is well conceived, duly proportioned, and most admirably executed.

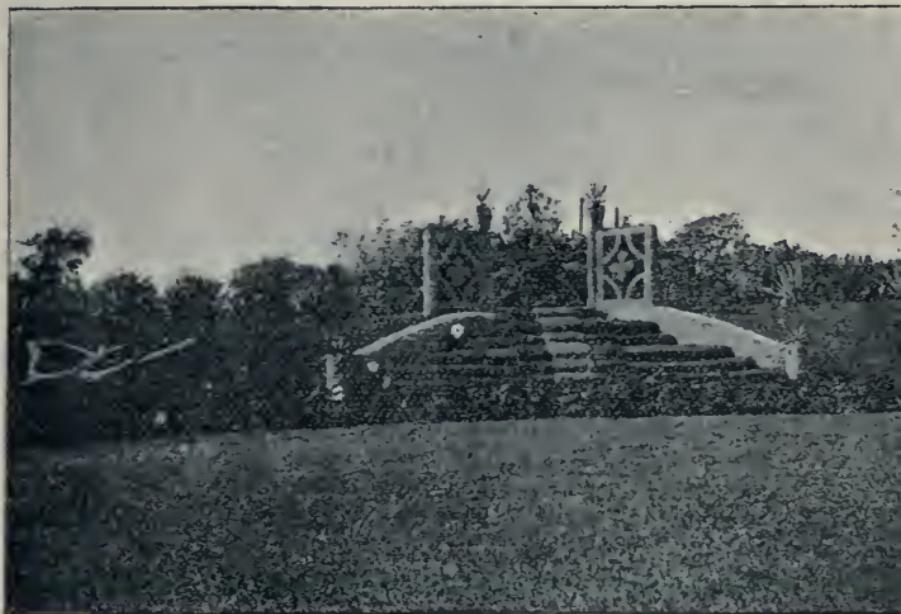
As is well-known, Chicago is increasing her population literally by leaps and bounds, and she aspires shortly to occupy the foremost position in this respect in the United States, surpassing even New York herself. Geographically, Chicago occupies a fine position, which makes her naturally the central point of the North-west. One cannot help being impressed with the great speed at which the people are living. All is one perpetual drive, without cessation or rest. Business and pleasure, Sunday and week day, appear to be all the same. You notice at the drawn, haggard, prematurely old faces of the work girls and youths going to the offices and stores each morning. They are more wearied and tired than they ought to be when leaving work at night. Compare them with the bright, healthy faces of English work girls and youths, and one cannot escape the

the exact opposite of this condition strikes the observer. I have seen no city where the work girls and youths appear so bright and happy, or move with so buoyant a step, as in Toronto. I am very much mistaken if the "sweater" has not got a firm grip in Canada, and it would not take much to convince me that, however much of a paradise it may be for the capitalist, it is the exact opposite for the workers.

Another city which has made great and rapid growth is Salt Lake City. The progress there is simply wonderful. Electric cars, electric lights, enormous stone buildings, costly homes, are there. In fact, it appears to have sprung from rather a sleepy village into a brisk, busy city since my first visit four years ago. The Gentiles claim all the credit for this. Their advent was opposed by the Mormons, who no doubt saw that their own power and influence would cease to exist if the altered conditions the Gentiles would bring with them. Mormonism, in fact, is fast dying out. Free schools are started, and with better education it is not possible that the rising generation will place themselves, as in the old days, under the control of their fathers. These high priests collected 10 per cent. of the earnings of every man, woman, and child, in addition arrogated to themselves the right to interfere in every affair of life, even to dictating how many wives a man ought to marry. It is not generally known, but it was only with the consent of these high priests that the Mormon was allowed to marry more than one wife, and not only so, but he was obliged to marry additional wives at their command. Of course, education was not encouraged. It was only over the ignorance that such power could be held. I suppose it never will be known what enormous sums of money the Mormons collected by their tithings, or what has become of the same. At the present moment suits are pending in the American courts between the children of Brigham Young and the Mormon Church, to determine who is entitled to the three or four million dollars left by that clever impostor, for that he was an impostor there can be no doubt, and that he was clever Salt Lake City, with

CHICAGO.

lifetime and went lecturing throughout the country against both himself and Mormonism. His favourite wife, Anna, was married again after his death, although, he being a prophet, was not lawful according to the Mormon law for her to do so. However, Brigham Young rests peacefully enough now, free from all his domestic worries, in his own secluded burial ground, in which each wife has her little burial plot marked out for her in rotation next to the Prophet's, according to the priorities.



THE GATES AJAR.

their marriage. Each wife, that is, except the two favorite ones. As the wives are not dying in the order in which they were married, that little burial ground presents a broken appearance. You can tell exactly which wives have still to be buried to complete the arrangement and make Brigham Young's burial plot complete. The children, I understand—and there will be some 80 of them—are not to be buried in this plot. Probably they will require ultimately a whole cemetery to themselves and their wives and families, or perhaps a county will be specifically reserved as a cemetery for them. When I asked what the location of Young's grave would be, I was told that it

population of 50,000, 5,000 Sunday school children walk one procession on Columbus Day.

Whilst at Salt Lake City we visited the barracks Indian soldiers. The United States Government is trying to train to some useful purpose, but I understand with very little success. The "noble red man" will not work, and is too lazy to become a soldier. The Government is continually driving away his "reservation" hunting grounds, and therefore keeps him in idleness or let him starve. Each year sees a poor Indian driven out of some spot he had formerly occupied, and as there are still about 200,000 Indians in the United States, it has become a serious problem to know what to do with them; and no doubt the Government thinks that it will be an easy way out of the difficulty if only these Indians can be trained to make good and efficient soldiers.

The Americans are more expert than ourselves in the art of gardening known as "carpet bedding," and we saw some excellent specimens in the Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and at most of the



CHICAGO.

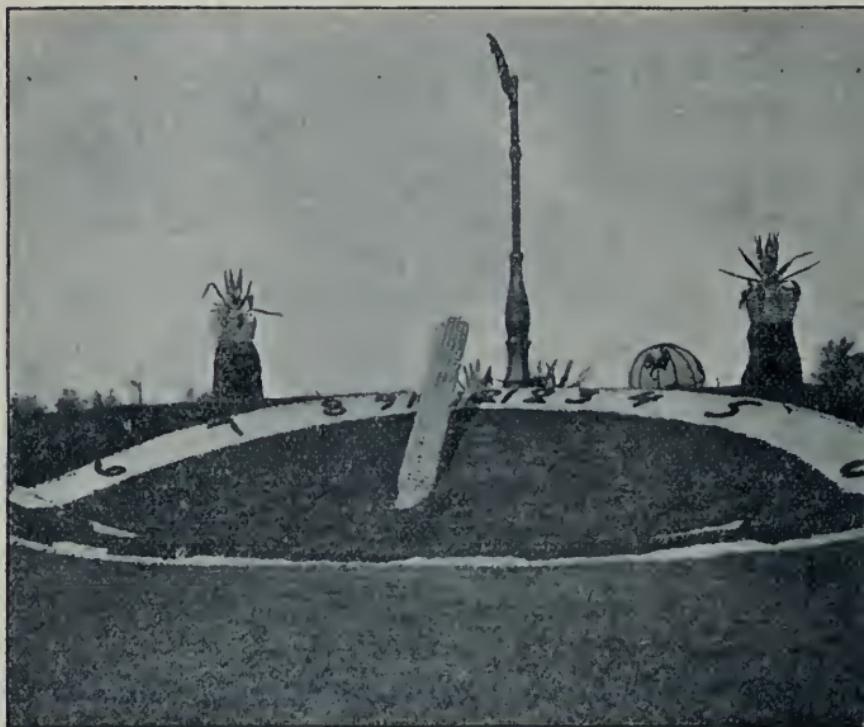
novelties we saw were at Chicago, in Washington Park. The gardeners had cleverly seized on the most exciting topic of the day (the Presidential Election), and had produced a model of a race between two canoes, the occupant of one representing General Harrison; the other, Grover Cleveland. The canoes and canoeists—each with paddle—were entirely composed of flowers and foliage plants. The figures of Harrison and Cleveland were tolerably life-like, with eyes, nose, mouth, ears, coat, waistcoat, and hat, complete even to collars and cuffs. The goal, which was represented by an imitation of the Presidential chair, was placed at a point both boats were apparently making for. This chair was wonderfully realistic, with a cushion carelessly placed on the seat. For some time we thought



PRESIDENTIAL RACE.

that at any rate the cushion was a cloth one, but it was like everything else, it was the result of the gardeners' skill. No doubt it is all composed on a frame-work of wood, covered with wire netting, packed with moss and peaty soil in which plants are placed. In another part of this park there

complete. There are also the calendar, which is altered day ; sundials ; flags of all nations ; graceful vases, etc., etc., built up in plants and flowers, and all looking real and natural. These novelties make the American parks a great attraction and bring crowds of city people to view them. Our parks in England suffer greatly from want of novelty, and

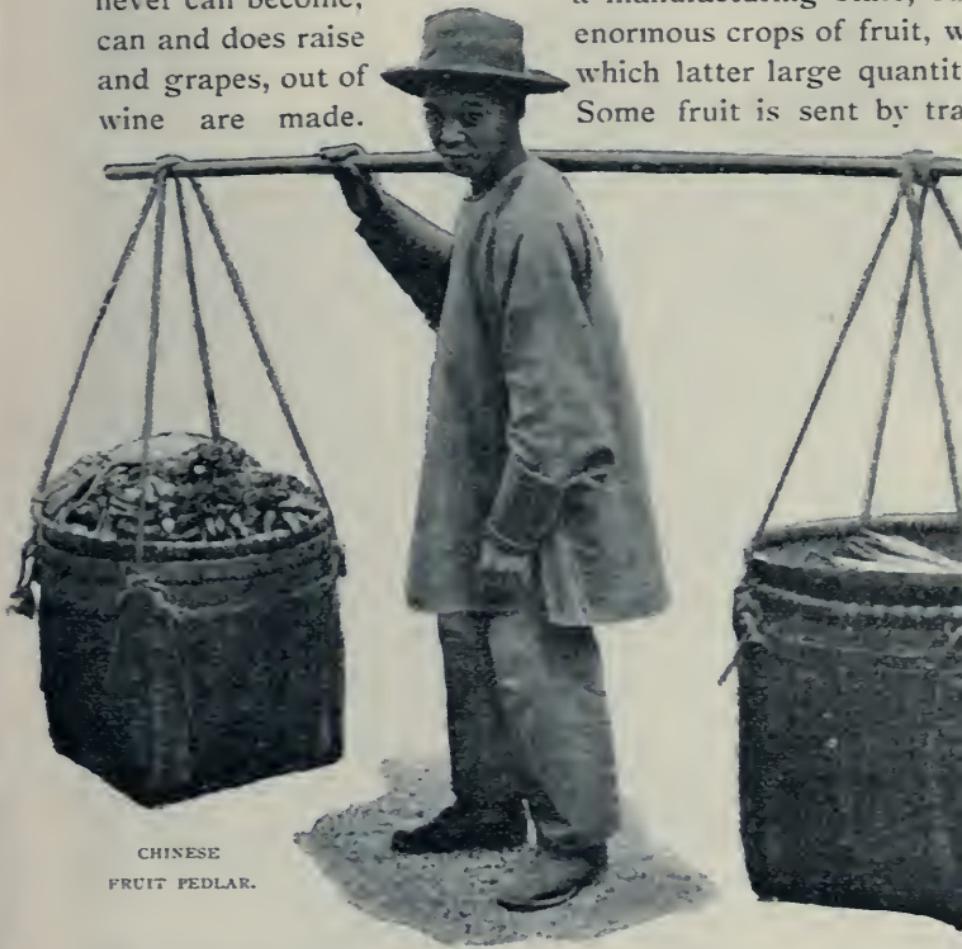


SUN DIAL.

gardeners, if provided with the means, could, according to season, produce as great a variety of designs. The aim should be to introduce as often as possible something fresh and something that would draw the public to the park, into the open air and away from the streets and slums.

SAN FRANCISCO.

WHILST we were in San Francisco we heard more complaints of trade and business generally than at any place we visited in the States. California is not, and probably never can become, a manufacturing state, but it raises enormous crops of fruit, which latter large quantities are sent by tra-



CHINESE
FRUIT PEDLAR.

the Eastern States, but Florida, being better placed for market, is a strong competitor. The bulk of the wine is shipped to France and Germany, where it is blended and

of the world. But in the meantime the bulk of the profits find their way into the pockets of the middleman or buyer and not into the pockets of the grower.

A visit to San Francisco would not be complete without a visit to China Town. Here the Chinese have set up their theatre houses, and opium dens, and herd and crowd together in a way that would kill the European right off. On the Chinese, however,



STREET, CHINA TOWN.

Fatherland so unaffected by other nations as does the Chinaman. If the Chinaman were as warlike and pugnacious as the Englishman, he would, owing to his vitality and power of endurance,

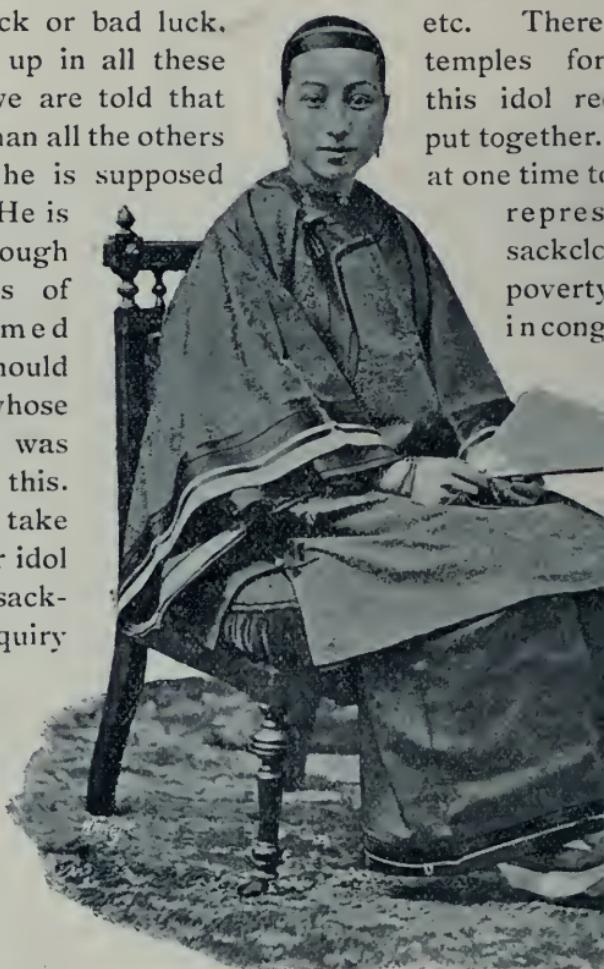
it appears to have the same effect; they are smooth, well nourished, and healthy enough, and probably have just as much contempt for the ways of living as Americans can possibly have for them. Their sleek, satisfied, and contented look say it anyhow. Who sees their旺盛 industry, vitality, and quiet persistence, it is no hard to believe that they are destined to play a very important part in the future history of the world. No Englishman preserves his national habits, dress, religion, and thought, and

SAN FRANCISCO.

China Town, which is conducted, as are many other Chinese institutions, on a system exactly the opposite of ours in England, for whilst we pay someone to conduct our religious service



A black and white illustration of a Chinese woman, identified as a 'Chinese Lady', sitting in a chair. She is wearing a traditional long-sleeved dress with a high collar and a wide, striped sash. Her hair is styled in an updo. The chair has a dark wooden frame and decorative legs. The background is plain, and the overall style is that of a 19th-century print.



CHINESE LADY

SAN FRANCISCO.



luck, for has not the idol gone through it all himself? Next



SAN FRANCISCO.

greater than any of his followers could be called upon to be, would not appeal with force to the human heart.

We next paid a visit to the Chinese theatre, where the piece that was "running" was a comparatively short one, as it would only take about two months to get through. Usually, a Chinese piece takes three or four months, of six hours each night. The scenes follow the hero from the cradle to the grave, and don't hurry him. All the characters are taken by men—women are not allowed to act—and men who can successfully take female parts command high salaries. The actors usually live under the theatre, in very little hovels or boxes, about six feet by five feet, without daylight or ventilation, and as we visited these we had an opportunity of seeing the home life of the actors. Some few are married. In one of these rabbit hutches the wife was quietly sewing, and her little child, a girl of about seven or eight, sang us a few missionary songs—she attended the American Mission School—and then one or two Chinese songs. At the close of her performance, the little lady shook hands all round, and said "How do you do?" "Glad to see you," "Come again soon," in broken English. Small as these dens are, in several we saw that the occupiers were entertaining their friends with opium smoking, card playing, or some form of gambling. In one we were shown the principal actor of female parts, who is paid the comparatively high salary of 2,500 dollars a year. We noticed his long, delicate, tapered fingers and his youthful face, and could understand that, as no doubt his voice would suit a woman.



are never changed. A board hung prominently in the front describes what the scene is intended to represent, and we have to imagine that you see trees, houses, battlefields, interiors, or exteriors, as the case may be. All through the acting there is a never ceasing din of gongs, tom toms, just as if the main object of the orchestra was to drown the voices of the actors.

We next visited the various opium dens and numerous curiosities, finishing by taking a cup of tea at a Chinese restaurant. We did not feel equal to making an attempt on the "birds' nest" soup, "sharks' fins," "roast puppy," and other delicacies that can be had there. The restaurant was the fashionable one of China Town. The fittings and woodwork were made in China, brought over, and fixed in the true Chinese fashion.



SANDWICH ISLANDS.

WE sailed by S.S. "Australia" from San Francisco on 26th October, in beautiful weather, and with a g

steady refreshing breeze. The sea is a deep ultramarine



Henry Moore's sea paintings was overdone, but here we have just that deep blue he knows so well how to paint. We have plenty of flying fish. The gulls here are enormous black flocks, almost twice the size of our own gulls. They skim against the wind without even the flutter of a wing just as easily as the do with the wind. The temperature in the shade varies from seventy-five to eighty degrees, and as the deck is covered with an awning, under which there is always a cool, refreshing breeze, the voyage becomes the perfection of ocean travel. The meals are early, 5.30 being the last at night, so that "early to bed and early to rise" is a rule imposed on us by necessity. We are looking forward with all eagerness to Honolulu and the Sandwich Islands, with their wonderful volcanoes, said to be the largest and grandest in the world.

Travelling in the Sandwich Islands is quite easy. The islanders have adopted European methods, and also even our form of government. If Captain Cook returned he certainly would not know the place nor the habits and customs of the natives. For now-a-days instead of settling the question of the government by a "Battle Royal," followed by a banquet for the victors, with "Long Pig" (cannibal style) for the principal dish, the Islanders adopt the comparatively peaceful and unpicturesque ballot box, with election addresses, caucuses, and all the modern "improvements." But somehow, in spite of the blessings of civilisation, it happens that whilst in Captain Cook's day the population of the Islands was 400,000, now it barely reaches 90,000, of whom only 35,000 are natives. How shall we judge which is best for the natives—which which fulfils the doctrine of the "greatest good of the greatest number"?

The eighteen days we passed on the Sandwich Islands will always be a happy memory. It was our first experience of tropical scenery and tropical luxuriance of vegetation. When one sees for the first time rare tropical plants such as in England are reared with difficulty in hot-houses, growing in wild profusion in cottage gardens, in the fields, and in the wild woods, it is a surprise.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

coffee and sugar plantations, that curious looking cactus that bears the fruit called "prickly pear," mangoes, dates, papaya, pomegranates, tamarinds, and tree ferns, to say nothing of fields of rice, all give to the country a strange and foreign appearance that tells us plainly and unmistakably how far we are from home. Yet, notwithstanding all this luxuriant beauty, we do not find



HONOLULU.

that it rivals that of our own country. When once the novelty of these pretty scenes has passed away, we reflect that the majesty of the oak or the elm far and away surpasses that of the palm tree; that a field of wheat is more beautiful in its waving grace than a field of sugar cane, that a field of turnips, although it may not appeal so strongly to the imagination and fancy, is brighter and fresher to look at than a field of pineapples, and, not least of all, that our English meadows and hedges have a charm that the bare, looking, yellow, dried-up lands of the tropics can in no wise approach.

We arrived at Honolulu November 2nd, and on looking back we are surprised to recall how vague and undefined were our ideas of the place. We had the impression, probably like most others

advanced views for a "native," and as a man who was to introduce "white" government into his realm. We imagined a city such as we found Honolulu to be, with fine avenues and streets most thoroughly and perfectly by electricity, with a complete and extensive tramway with telephones in every business house and most of the residences, and with Royal Palace, Government Building, Parliament. We found there every sign of modern civilization that latest product of the culture of the age, "The boom-de-ay," and after we heard it yelled by a South Islander's child we were prepared for anything and surprised at nothing.

At first in Honolulu we felt the heat very much. The thermometer registered 80° in the shade during the day and up to 100° at night, and all the time we were there we only saw it fall below 75° day or night. On the other hand, it rose above 82° , and I believe this is the usual experience round. The cool "trade winds" blow here for nine months of the year, and consequently after we got over the first fever and had changed to cooler clothing, we felt no inconveniences from the heat and for the most part we enjoyed the climate.



DRAINAUD HEAD FROM WAIKIKI.

energetic, determined, hard work is impossible. A H

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

slipped by, simply because the exertion of doing so appeared such a burden and labour that he shrank from undertaking it. This exactly illustrates the feeling one has out here. There is no energy or eagerness, and the most trivial task appears like a mountain of labour.

The great delight here is sea bathing. It is indulged in by everyone at all hours of the day and night, and moonlit



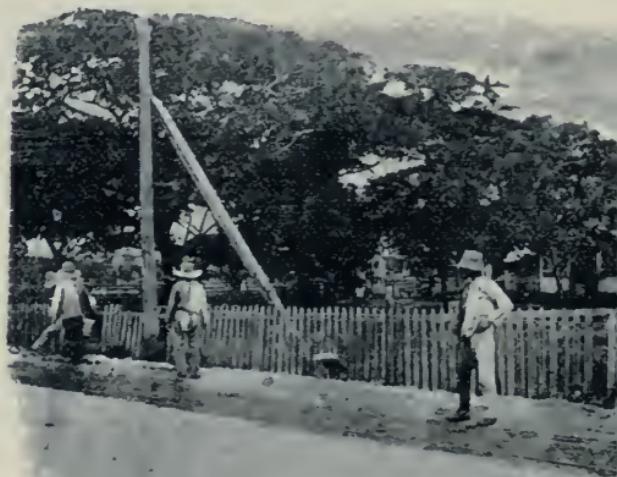
NATIVES SWIMMING, WAIKIKI.

bathing picnics are quite an institution. I am very fond of bathing, and have bathed in many places, but certainly never knew what sea bathing was until I bathed at Honolulu in Waikiki Bay. A beautiful sandy beach, enclosed within a coral reef, which effectually keeps out sharks, a gentle rolling sea, and water which is beautifully blue and clear, of a temperature varying between 75° and 80° , make sea bathing at Waikiki Bay a luxury scarcely to be obtained elsewhere. Here one

provide themselves with flat boards of a length and varying according to taste. Armed with this they out to just that point of the breakers where the waves to curl over, and choosing a large one dexterously themselves in front and on the top of it, and are carried at speed high up on the beach. Occasionally one of the surf will miss the exact time to catch the wave and is consequently left behind or tumbled over amidst the laughter and shouts of the others. To onlookers the sport appears very simple and easy but in reality it is not so. Great skill and practice are needed to hit off the exact time and point at which to mount the board. To be either too soon or too late is fatal to success. The excitement and excitement this sport affords to those who take part in it reminds one most forcibly of the fun of tobogganing in Canada.

HONOLULU.

HONOLULU has a population of some 23,000, and supports one morning daily paper, one evening daily, and several weeklies, besides periodicals, but having no cable connection with the outside world, or even with the other islands of the group, and having only a bi-monthly mail service, it is not difficult to understand that the editor must find it almost impossible to provide news fresh each day for his readers. The following item, which was given a prominent position in the daily summary copied out of the Honolulu morning paper:—"Work on the new warehouse for W. G. Irwin and Co. has been stopped for the present, the contractor having exhausted his supply of bricks." It is clear that the editor had exhausted his supply of news. This was followed a few days later by a paragraph announcing that, the contractor having received a fresh supply of bricks, building operations had been renewed. All this sounds very absurd to us; but if we imagine a city of only 23,000 inhabitants, separated by water from the rest of the world, with no tele-



PRISONERS.

be possible. Not only are the prisoners employed in making, but they are actually hired out at 50 cents a day to whoever wishes to employ them. If citizens want the services of a "handy" man to mow the lawn or weed the garden they can telephone to the Governor of the jail, and



PALM TREES IN PRIVATE GARDEN.

were low, and against them were placed lean-to sheds, the roofs of which came to within six feet of the ground. All the doors of the cells were open—except those of a few persons awaiting trial for murder—and the prisoners were strolling about or loafing in the shade of the palm trees.

send up at a "felony," or a "misdemeanour," "drunk and incendiary," or a "burglary," "manslaughter," etc., ever he has to serve the time. Escapes are very rare, because it is almost impossible to get away from the island, pursuit and capture are certain. In an attempt to escape the prisoner is condemned to wear the rest of his term in a heavy chain and securely fastened to his legs. Inside the prison regulations are most easy and on our visit we were struck by the absence of the usual precautions to prevent escape. The

HONOLULU.

into a passage in which was the entrance to the prison, where was stationed one solitary guard, armed with a short sword. We found the two prisoners chatting together, looking out of the window at the end of their corridor. One of the women professed to be a native "Kapoona," or witch-doctor; and had murdered a man, a woman, and a young child with great bitterness.



NATIVE DANCE.

tality and cruelty, gouging out their eyes with burnt sticks, and partially roasting them, in full sight of a crowd of natives, many of whom had assisted her. The natives firmly believed her to be a "Kapoona," and did not, therefore, interfere with her, because they considered she acted under some mysterious influence. At one time it was thought that there would be difficulty in getting a jury of natives to convict her, and at her trial she mentioned, as a proof of her claim to be a witch-doctor, that rain, which was badly wanted at the time, had begun to fall.

told me, than New York or London, that the natives understand or believe the Christian religion they profess. They are well and strong they may appear to have given up old gods and idols; but when they are sick or in any trouble they turn to the gods of their fathers, just as did the Indians of old. The native witch-doctor is still an insidious pest, and although through lack of the slightest knowledge of God or of medicine they oftener kill their patient than cure, they do not shatter the natives' faith. For such a disease as yellow fever a witch-doctor prescribes some such nonsensical remedy as a black pig without a white spot, of a certain age, cooked in a certain way, and to be eaten by the patient at a certain time of the day. After eating this the patient, needless to say, generally dies, and then the witch-doctor declare that this patient died of two diseases—one the native disease which the pig never fails to cure, and the other a "white man's" disease which never fails to kill a native. Nor is this superstition confined to the natives. One would judge that

the native was a Christian in heart, sincerely believing in the Christian religion. If he was free from the influence of native superstition and idolatry, it would be well. King Kalakaua, however, adopted European customs, lived in European style, visited England and America, surrounded himself with European friends, sought the advice of leading missionaries, and outwardly manifested every sign of faith and interest in Christianity. Yet, in his last illness, all this



HONOLULU.

Christianity as the late King, has gone in her own illness with native witch-doctors and her suite to the volcano Kilauea and to the crater of Halemoumou, "the abode of everlasting fire," where is supposed to dwell the native goddess Pele, whose aid she sought and to whom she turned in her extremity. This happened the very week before our visit to the volcano, and we learnt from eye witnesses the details of the pilgrimage. We heard that the Queen Dowager and suite reached Volcano House about four o'clock in the afternoon.



QUEEN EMMA'S BIRTHPLACE.

that they immediately started for Halemoumou, the Queen being carried in a litter (her disease is partial paralysis), they arrived there at sunset, and took up their position on the edge of Halemoumou, immediately over-looking the burning lake, that the Queen was placed on the ground that the Karoones, or witch-doctors, seated themselves

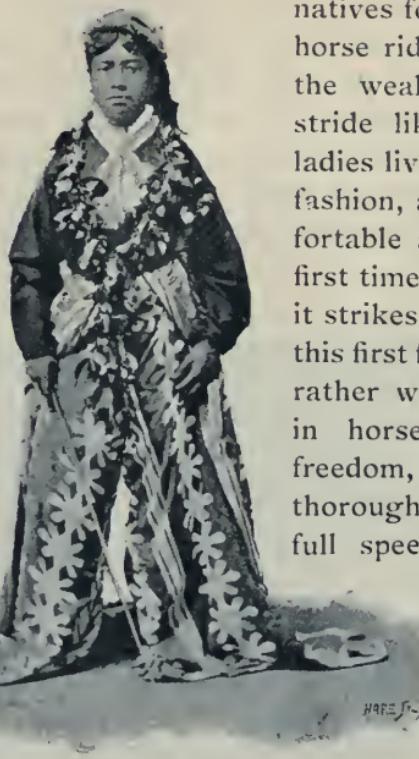
goddess Pele. With a slight interval for food at night, this was kept up until daybreak, when the whole left. On other occasions parties of natives have gone there to have thrown into the burning lake, to the accompaniment of chants and songs of the witch-doctors, pigs, fowls, and even of gin. Now, any belief in the efficacy of such appeals would be impossible if the natives thoroughly comprehended the Christian religion they profess. The question arises, what are we to learn from this? Are missionary efforts with native races to be given up as entirely fruitless? Or is the above result all that we might expect after seventy years of the strongest missionary efforts that have been made in any part of the world? It appears to me that this is exactly what we might expect, and that therefore missionary efforts should not be given up. We must remember that nothing is harder to kill than superstition, and must not forget that even after a thousand years of Christian teaching, we, in England, still believed in the power of witches, and enacted laws for their punishment and death by burning. At the same time, this would appear to point to the necessity of giving at first greater attention to the material wants of the people than to the inculcation of religious beliefs which the mind has not the power to grasp and assimilate. It is a melancholy fact that, notwithstanding all the efforts of the missionaries, the native population is decreasing at an alarmingly rapid rate. It appears from the American Mission Report that in 1850 there had 900 schools in the Sandwich Islands and 50,000 students. This is exclusive of the English Mission schools. The total native population of these islands is barely 35,000 men, women, and children. It is hardly possible to believe that so much time, money, and labour have been devoted to the teaching of such of the arts and sciences of civilisation as would enable the natives themselves to make the most of their country, and raise themselves in the social scale, the native population having sunk from 400,000 at the time of their discovery by Captain Cook to 35,000 to-day. To hold the contrary opinion would be to admit that nothing can be done for the material well-being of native races, and to consider that they were bound to die out.

HONOLULU.

religion, so that they may become a happy and prosperous people, let us first teach them to make for themselves and families the best use of their lands ; let us make them into plant cultivators, and manufacturers of such articles as can be made out of the raw material their lands produce ; let us, in short, as would wise guardians and trustees during the infancy development of a ward. In this direction there is an enormous field for missionary effort.



The natives are passionately fond of music, and consequently it is not surprising to find that the Government maintains a very fine band at Honolulu, which plays almost every night and on certain afternoons in some of the city squares and parks. Next to music, or perhaps it would be more correct to say equally with music, the natives love flowers. They make wreaths of them which they wear round their hats and necks, and on festive occasions men, women, and children are seen



thoroughly enjoying themselves. A kind of divided skirt, very wide, nearly to the ground when at galloping it catches in the wind hind them — increasing the

natives for horses, and they are most horse riders. The ladies of all ranks, the wealthiest to the poorest, ride in stride like the men, and even European ladies living in Honolulu get into this fashion, and pronounce it to be more comfortable and easy than side-saddle. The first time one sees a lady riding cross-legged, it strikes one as very indelicate, but this first feeling has passed one is impressed rather with the suitability of this position in horse riding -- there appears a great deal of freedom, and certainly the ladies are thorough horse-women when galloping at full speed. It is not unusual when driving to meet a train of ladies on horse back, each covered with wreaths of flowers, singing and laughing whilst they gallop at top speed, etc.

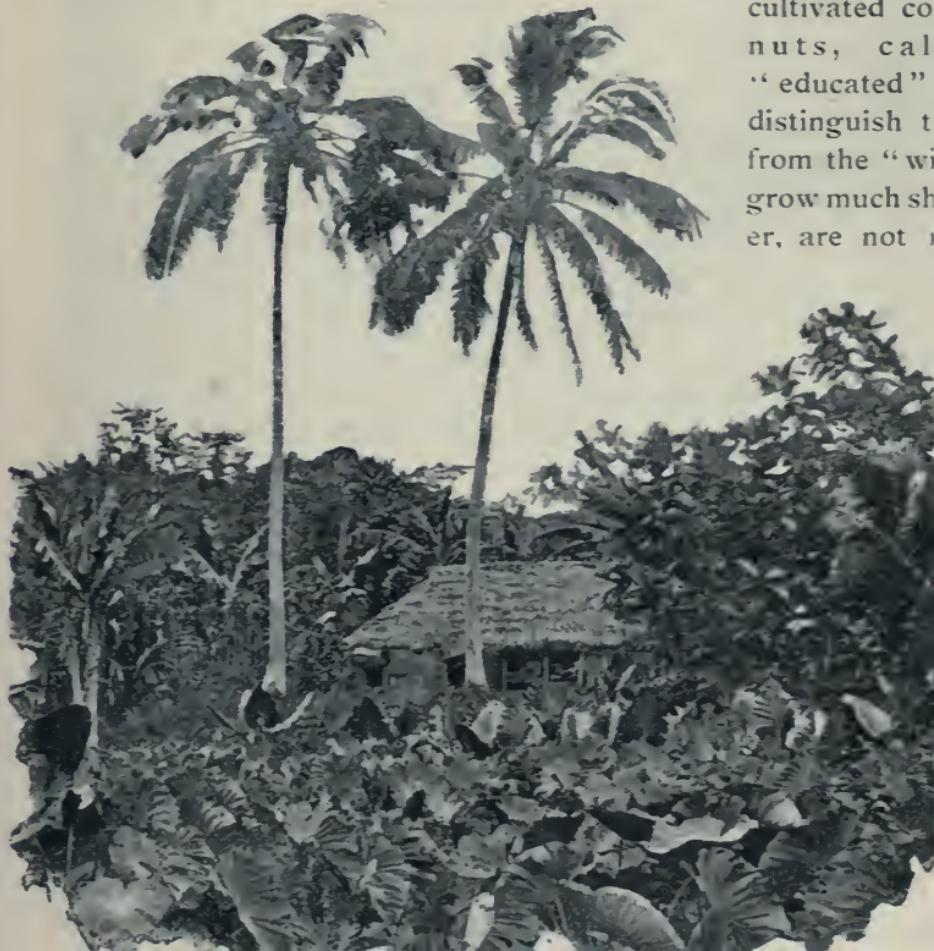
Their dresses are simple and restful, and their appearance is graceful and speed and agility.



HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

COCONUTS are a treat out here. Plucked green from tree, the milk makes a capital drink and the nutty por is quite soft and can be eaten with a spoon. The coco flavour is not then so strong, but is much more delicate.

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are the greatest cultivators of them, as indeed they are of all the vegetables raised here, with the exception perhaps of oranges. On the outskirts of Honolulu, near Waikiki, there is a swampy piece of ground, which previous to the Chinese taking it in hand, was a dismal waste, growing nothing but mosquitoes. The Chinese obtained a long lease of it, and they have made it into one of the most fruitful and productive pieces of land on the Islands. The water was brackish, due to its being on a level with and close to the sea, and as it was impossible to drain it, John Chinaman marked it out into intricate ditches and banks, each about 15 feet wide, over the length of this land. Then he dug the sand and soil out of the space reserved to form the ditch, and piled it on the land reserved for the bank, sinking the ditch to a depth sufficient to provide him with the soil required to raise the banks to a height of 3 feet above the level of the water. I do not know the exact size of the swamp so treated, but should judge it to be about 200 acres, from which some idea of the patient labour of the Chinese may be formed. But when this preliminary work was over, the work of reclamation had only begun. Rotating cropping had to be gone through with the proper plants suitable for drawing the salt out of the ground, and a free application of manure was needed to add the right constituents to the soil. At the same time John Chinaman has not forgotten to make use of the water in the ditches, in which he rears large quantities of fish—mullet, gold fish, and other suitable varieties, whilst the surface of the water are reared thousands of young ducks, which no doubt find the principal part of their food from the slugs and insects on the banks and in the water. We can learn many lessons from the Chinese, with whom nothing is allowed to go to waste. They make good tenants. In fact, one man told me he would rather have a Chinaman for a tenant than a white man, because with the former he was always sure to pay his rent, and with the latter he was not.

Taro root is also largely cultivated by the Chinese, as it is really a native product, and consequently one would expect to find its cultivation exclusively in native hands.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

cultivation are not plentiful, especially in some of the Islands, high rents for them are obtained. I heard of a rent of 8 dollars per acre per annum being paid by Chinamen for a good plot. One crop only can be raised each year, and the roots are gathered they are cut off from the stalks, whi



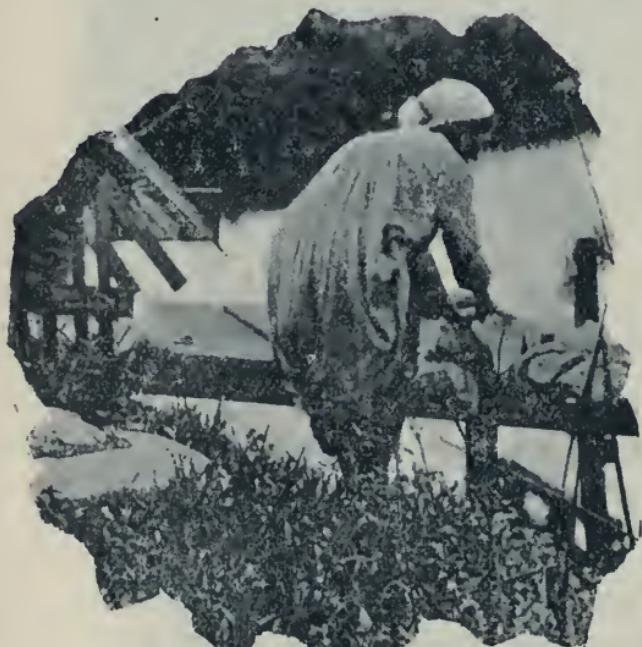
EATING POI.

are planted like cuttings in the ground, and make next year's crop. The gathering and planting is all done under water, generally about nine inches deep. After they are gathered the roots are first boiled and then pounded by blows from a stone held in one hand, whilst between each blow the taro is moistened with water by the other hand. There does not appear to be the slightest improvement anywhere on the Islands upon this laborious and primitive process which has been handed down from generation to generation. This beating and watering is continued for about two hours. At the end of this time the taro is reduced to a sticky glutinous mass of a dirty green colour and only requires to be mixed with a little water to

before they eat it. This they do out of a large bowl or can, each sitting round it cross-legged. Men, women, and children dip their fingers into the same bowl, gathering up the poi with a dexterous twist and conveying it to their mouths. After licking their fingers, the same process is repeated, and so until the meal is over. From this custom poi comes to be eaten according to its thickness and consistency, one finger poi, two finger poi, and three finger poi, the thick being eaten with one finger, the medium with two, and the thin with three fingers. Some Europeans living out here eat it and acquire a liking for it, but the first taste is certainly not captivating. It sticks to the tongue and roof of the mouth and requires some effort to swallow it down. The flavour is exactly like what one would expect to find to be the taste of bill-stickers' paste gone bad. It is, however, extremely nourishing and wholesome, and the natives are very fond of it. It has been their principal food for generations, and as they are a fine, well-nourished race, it evidently possesses highly sustaining properties. I should

conclude that their fondness of eating "poi" together, by dipping their fingers into one common bowl, accounts for the prevalence of leprosy and other infectious diseases amongst the natives. They are perfectly indifferent to infected persons and will sit down and eat "poi" with persons whose hands are so advanced as to be covered with leprosy.

It is interesting to note how in the Fiji Islands, where



NATIVE WASHING.

The pigs become very like the wild boar, developing enormous tusks, and are often more than a match for the huntsman—fact, accidents at “pig-sticking” are rather numerous. The dog in a few generations gets the slouching gait, movement of the head from side to side, characteristic of the wolf. Not only do the domestic animals run wild, but plants which in other countries are choice garden shrubs, here get the mastery man and become a pest. Out of a single specimen of the lantana plant sent to a gentleman in Honolulu, and planted in his garden, this shrub has spread over all the islands so rapidly that it has become a serious question how to get rid of it. It monopolises the ground wherever it goes, and entails great loss especially to the ranch men. Everything appears to run to extremes. Rats at one time were a plague, although they only got to the Islands within recent years from the trading ships. The mongoose was introduced to kill the rats, and having done so the mongoose now becomes as great a curse as ever the rats were. The minah bird was introduced to kill the insects, and now the minah bird has increased to such an extent that it is a greater scourge than the insects, and so on.

I suppose the Sandwich Islands must be one of the smallest monarchies possessing a parliament and representative government that the world can show. Imagine that country supporting a Queen, Royal Court, Parliament, Civil Service, and the modern machinery of executive government, with the usual crowd of scheming office seekers and hungry place hunters. We cannot but smile at what appears a parody on modern institutions. Exclusive of the 37,000 Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese plantation hands, who can hardly be called part of the nation, the total population, natives, half-castes, Americans, English, and Germans, only number 52,000. Every one of a standing out here is a “Right Honourable,” or “His Excellency.” The Queen holds receptions and distributes honours, orders, and badges, which no doubt are just as much use to the recipients as are our Orders of the Garter or the Thistle, and probably cause just as much jealousy and bitterness in those who do not receive them. There is a great deal of human nature in Royal

not above "taking a drink" in a saloon with one of his superiors provided the subject paid for it. Everything in the world is a question of size. If a thing is only big enough, we think it grand and dignified; if a thing is only little enough, we think it absurd and frivolous, and yet the only difference shall be in size. Hence we naturally smile at all this in the San

Islands, notwithstanding that we should be highly dignified if foreigners did the same thing in the same way at our

Like San Francisco Honolulu possesses a Chinatown, but the Chinatown of Honolulu is better, cleaner, and more sanitary than that of San Francisco. The history of the Chinese here is an exact repetition of their history in the United States. First they are introduced to their cheap labour, when their contract ends having acquired a little money by thrift and industry, they enter into competition with the white man as pedlars, manufacturers, shopkeepers, etc. Any vice the Chinese may have will be up with, except the entering into competition with the white man, especially of beating



BANANAS.

his own field. This is an unpardonable offence, and immediately John Chinaman arrives at this stage of his history a bill is hurriedly pushed through the legislature prohibiting Chinese immigration. No complaint is made against the

HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

presented to us of labourers being objected to on the ground that they are too frugal, careful, and industrious, and have ambition and ability to raise themselves in the social scale.

Japanese labour is now being tried, but I heard complaints to the effect that the Japanese will not be driven and forced that they rise against their overseers, and in some cases



JAPANESE COTTAGE.

have murdered them. The fact is, the Japanese, although very little men, are game and full of spirit, and will not stand the bullying system adopted on some plantations. Planters say they are too touchy, want too much consideration, and delicate handling, but I generally heard it admitted that they are properly and fairly dealt with, and not over driven, and that they make good workers.

Another class of plantation labour here is Portuguese. Portuguese labourers were brought over under contract made by the government, and the only complaint I heard against them was that they were too dear, their contract rate of wages being about 18 to 20 dollars a month, with two dollars extra for each child in the family after the first two. The planters complain very bitterly

pay 30 dollars a month. One planter naïvely remarked that he did not object on principle to the Portuguese having large families, but that they over-did it, as they would have three children in two years.

The wages of the Chinese are about 15 dollars a month, while those of the Japanese from 10 to 12 dollars a month. In addition all plantation hands receive house rent free. There are a considerable number of natives engaged on the plantations, but the fault with the native is exactly the lack of those qualities which are objected to in the Chinaman. The native is not thrifty, he does not save or acquire wealth, and will not save steadily and persistently from day to day. In view of these facts it is not surprising that the planters, who do not fear the competition of the Chinese as merchants, manufacturers, shopkeepers, and who only see in them the best plantation hands they ever had, are now agitating to have the prohibitory on Chinese immigration removed, asserting that if this is done they cannot possibly carry on their plantations.

Sugar growing was commenced here practically, as I have said, seventeen years ago, when the Reciprocity treaty with the United States was arranged, under which Sandwich Island sugar was admitted duty free into the States, the duty



sugar at that time being 15 cents a pound. Of this practically amount a bounty of two cents on every pound raised, and have cost the United States millions of dollars per year — making a few men millionaires at the expense of the consumer in the States. The effect of this has been that the bulk of the trade in sugar on the Islands is now in the hands of Americans. The value of sugar in 1890 was 33,000,000 dollars in

HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

represents all other nationalities, natives included. The result is that the Islands are decidedly American in tone and sentiment, and whilst the times are not yet ripe for annexation to the States, the tendency is all that way. For the last few years the Islands have not had the benefit of the bounty, owing to sugar from other countries being now admitted free into the States, and consequently the planters are all complaining of "bad times," but it is hard to see on what grounds, as the yield of sugar in the Sandwich Islands is 50 per cent. over the average yield per acre elsewhere.



JAPANESE COTTAGE.

instance, a crop of ten tons per acre has been known there, a crop of five tons per acre is not uncommon, and a crop of three tons per acre is considered small; whilst elsewhere a crop of three tons would be considered high, and a crop of two tons is usual. What is really meant by "bad times," I suppose, is that it is no longer possible to have wasteful and extravagant management and dividends of 100, 200, or 300 per cent. per annum, as in the old days of the bounty.

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND UNITED STATES

THE great question in the Sandwich Islands just now is, can the United States Government be induced to take over Pearl Harbour, which is situated about 12 miles from Honolulu, as a naval coaling station. This project has the appearance of being merely a gigantic piece of job-promotion by land speculators and others with land interests



near Pearl Harbour. The use of an American name for the thing is "being voted for" for all it is worth. The tentious plans of the City and Pearl Harbour are displayed at all public resorts. The plans show a fine city, broad, handsome avenues and streets with sounding names, railway station, park, etc., all looking very attractive on paper. The flowery words of the spectus, "Pearl Harbour the desired haven of the artist and author, the invalid it is said to none, the perfect place which is so much required, combined with a healthy, pure atmosphere."

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND UNITED STATES.

Islands ; " " Pearl City is the Paradise of the invalid ; " " Pearl Harbour, which the United States Government takes over as a Naval Station." And then the promoters, coming down to business, state that the capital is 5,000,000 dollars limited liability, that " the property offers an opportunity to shareholders to nett a handsome profit on a small amount of money invested," and that it " gives positive security with assured increase in value." There then follows this remarkable statement : " The United States Government will soon begin dredging Pearl Harbour to admit of all kinds and sizes of ves-



This harbour is to be the naval station of the Pacific for the United States Government." And yet the States have not even arranged for the harbour with the Hawaiian Government, nor expressed any desire or intention of doing so.

We went by train to see this wonderful city, and could not find it. Nothing daunted, we decided to try again.

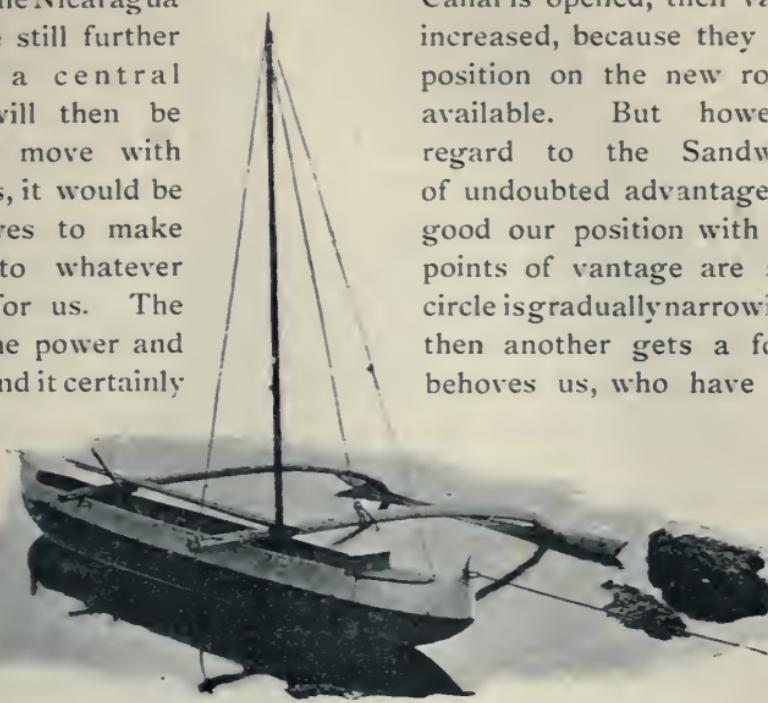
and the only inhabitant we saw was a Chinaman, who was working as caretaker at the only house in the place. The streets and avenues were all marked out with stumps, cut boards, on which were lettered their pretentious names, the bushwood and scrub were still uncleared, and as these were all more or less out of the perpendicular, they were suggestive of tombstones over the dead hopes of the holders than the origin of a fine city. Horses and melancholy and very sad-looking, wandered listlessly. The only thing we found according to the prospectus was "perfect quiet," and if the invalid can "build up the system" that he may find it a perfect paradise, but if he wants in addition a roof to his head and a beefsteak or spring chicken to eat, he must take train for Honolulu.

As to its attractions as a coaling station, no doubt it is suitable for that also when the harbour has been deepened, the bar cut through at a cost of a few millions of dollars, only the States can be "worked" to arrange for the water from the Hawaiian Government, there may be some possibility of this becoming an accomplished fact. Having done this, the States will be able to arrange with the shareholders for 100,000 acres of land in Pearl City, as it is clear they will want some land there. The efforts of those disinterested men, who have pointed out the ideal coaling station to the United States Government, will be rewarded, and the days of "assured increase in value" promised in the prospectus will dawn for the shareholders. But at present it seems not unlikely that the whole thing will fail, and consequently a great clamour is being raised in the United States and elsewhere, in which the point discussed is apparently whether it would be policy for the Hawaiian Government to make an arrangement with the States with respect to the Harbour, but in which it is clear that the real anxiety is to attract the attention of the United States Government, and that this anxiety is accompanied by a lively fear that they will not succeed. It is impossible to say what the ultimate end of the matter will be, but I can hardly imagine it possible that the United States Government can be led into so transparent a

SANDWICH ISLANDS AND UNITED STATES.

America to Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan, and India. When the Nicaragua Canal is opened, their value will be still further increased, because they will be central to whatever events move with the Islands, it would be ourselves to make a power and hold, and it certainly

Canal is opened, their value increased, because they will be central to whatever events move with the Islands, it would be ourselves to make a power and hold, and it certainly



largest interests in the Pacific, not to let slip any opportunity of peaceably and quietly strengthening ourselves there.

VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

WE had heard such glowing accounts of the grand majesty of the volcano of Kilauea, said to be the active volcano in the world, that we decided to see it for ourselves and took our berths in the little coasting steamer "G. W. Hall" that goes every ten days to Punaluu, Island of Hawaii, the points from which the ascent to the volcano is made. The description that was given us of the way the "Hall" had rolled about in the channel was not encouraging, fortunately either this had been exaggerated, or we were favoured in the weather. The "Hall" left Honolulu



VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

which we all heard so much at the time Sister Rose Gertrude went there. The lepers are well cared for, and are happy as happiness is possible to people condemned to a living death for a leper once removed to Molokai is civilly dead. The wife or husband left behind can marry again, and Government divides the estate of the leper amongst the heirs just as if death had actually taken place. It is not surprising, therefore, that the natives try to avoid being taken, or have their friends taken by every evasion in their power. This tendency is strengthened by the fact that the natives hardly believe that leprosy is infectious. Married couples have been known to live together for years without communicating the contagion from one another, and I heard of one case where man and wife lived together for 15 years, the one suffering from leprosy and finally dying of it, without communicating the disease to the other. Many people out here seem to think that leprosy is solely due to a low state of the blood brought about by living on coarse food, salt fish, etc. But however difficult it may be to decide in which way leprosy is infectious, once taken by either white man or native, there is no release for the victim until death ends the unhappy life.

About six o'clock p.m., we arrived at the Island of Maui, where some cargo was landed by the surf boats, and we proceeded on our way. Close by is the Island of Lanai, in size about 100,000 acres, used as a sheep run. This island was purchased by a delegate from the Mormon Church at Salt Lake City, who had been sent to the Sandwich Islands to found a Mormon settlement. It is reported that he was wise in his generation, and became possessed of considerable property until at last the Church at Salt Lake got suspicious of him and sent out two of its members to inquire into matters and supersede him. On arrival they were well received by the delegate who showed them the property. Finally they disclosed to him their mission, and asked for an account of all the property the Church, and called upon him to hand the deeds, etc., over. "Why certainly," was the reply they got, "and if you tell me what property the Church has got, it shall be done at once."

The following day we arrived at the Island of Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, and proceeded along the coast, landing and taking in cargo at the villages we passed. We stopped a little while at Kealakekua Bay, and most of us went ashore to visit the spot where Captain Cook was killed on this historic spot, the scene of the first arrival and murder of Captain Cook, and where a monument has been erected.

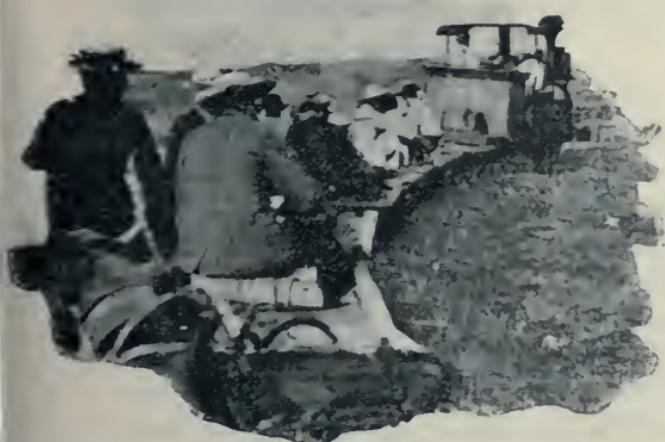


CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT.

memory. We ought to have arrived at Punaluu the same day, but there had been so many stoppages on the way that the arrival was impossible, and the ship anchored in a small bay from 8 p.m. to midnight, when we proceeded on our way, reaching Punaluu at 6 a.m. the next morning. The reason for this was that at this hour the sea calms down a little, the landing there at an early hour being very difficult. We had to be landed in surf boats, and the trouble was to get into them. At one moment the surf would rise up high above the "Hall," as if trying to see if we could get into the boat.

VOLCANO OF KILAUEA.

don't get caught on the drop." However, we managed to g safely landed at last, and after breakfast at the little inn the we proceeded to the railway station, the first six miles of t twenty-nine miles to the Volcano House being done by rail. This is a plantation line, and is the most curious little railway imaginable. The carriages were open trucks, the third-class passengers having to sit on their luggage and hold on as best they could, for there were neither tops, sides, nor ends to the carriages. We wrong the two first-class carriages. They had sid 18 inches high. The carriage for the gentlemen having simple planks laid across, on which we sat ; the one for the ladies w provided with seat mounted on springs, and consequently w comparatively quite luxurious. When the train was ready to sta a man came along and tied up the levers of the breaks with string and did the same to the pin of the couplings. Being now consider



ready, the train started, the engine puffing and snorting, and swaying from side to side in a most rheumatical and asthmatical manner. Where a gate blocked our way the fireman jumped off the engine, ran ahead of the train, and opened the gate. The train passed through, he jumped again, the guard at t

We next took places in a coach something like a wagon with a top to it, drawn by six horses, the driver being a tall, thin, bony Yankee, and as he cracked every few minutes, making a report like a pistol shot. He was a tall, thin, bony Yankee, and as he drove, he sat on the box with one leg hooked on the brake, the other bare foot resting against the footboard, one arm waving his whip above his head.



the other shaking the reins to urge on his horses, he looked exactly like some huge human spider. The road was for all the way over lava beds, and was very rough and rocky. Some of the party had the wisdom to prefer going on horseback, those who didn't, and I was one of the latter, wished they had. We never got such a bumping in our lives as on that ride of 12 miles, which took us seven long, weary hours to accomplish. The road is so bad that in many places the driver would rather leave it and take his chance across the country, two feet high and hollows two feet deep occurring in the middle of the road.

quality of the road making. Most of us preferred to walk rather than ride, and this we did the bulk of the way both going and coming. I thought if ever I met the man who made such a road, it would be some consolation to give him, in plain Lancashire, "a bit of my mind." But when I did meet him I found the road was punishment enough to him, and so I said nothing. He told me when he first came to this country there was not a road of any sort, and he had to set to work to make one. First he had to pay 1,000 dollars for right of way, then he had to pay the entire cost of making the road himself. He hoped to make a little from it by collecting toll, but he soon found that this was impossible, and finally he abandoned all idea of doing so, and now, except as a road to his own place—and others use it equally with himself—he does not get one cent. return from it. He is now a wiser and a sadder man and has no doubt learned the lesson that it is better not to do a thing at all than not to do it well.

VOLCANO OF HALEMOUMOU.

After luncheon at Halfway Inn, we proceeded on our way, arriving at Volcano House about four o'clock. We found ourselves in very comfortable quarters and quite welcome roaring wood fires prepared to greet us, for at this elevation (4,000 feet above the sea level) it was decidedly chilly. We were all too tired to do more that night than stroll about in



vicinity of the house, which we found to be built on a bluff on the edge of the crater of Kilauea. The crater is four miles long and three miles wide, enclosed within bluffs or cliffs rising to



LAVA FLOW.

to one end. We could see the smoke and the glare reflected in the sky, and everything promised well for our visit the following evening.



The country all around here is full of rifts and cracks, which issues sulphurous steam. Some of these blowholes however, become dry, and some of the old ones are so grown over with ferns and brushwood as to make wandering



DRY VOLCANO RIFT.

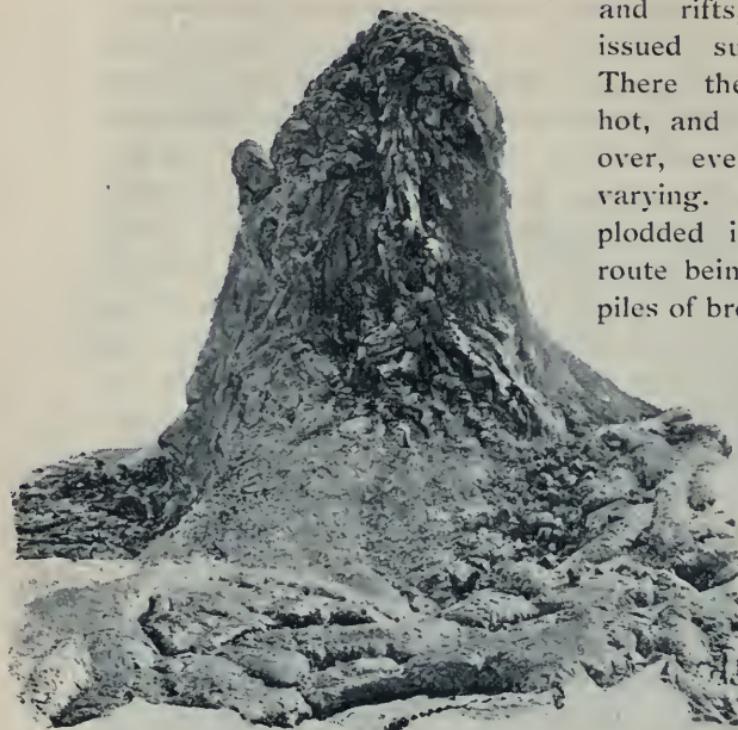
from the beaten track a course only to be undertaken in daylight. Even then great caution is necessary. Horses and cattle are often lost, for the depth of these pitfalls is so great that it is impossible to recover them. On applying our hands to some of the smallest of the active blowholes, we found the heat intense. We learned afterwards that all the hot water for the country is boiled by the steam brought from one of these blowholes.

a depth of four feet anywhere about here, steam issues through the soil at once.

At 4 p.m. next day the party was formed, and accompanied by two guides carrying lanterns, etc., we set off for Halemoou. First we descended the sides of the big crater for 50 feet, when we found ourselves on a level plain of lava, across which we had to walk a distance of over two miles. The formation of the lava here is much like that of an ice pack of some very large river. Here the lava was lifted up, there it was sunk down. In some places slabs of lava were piled one on top of the other. It had taken all sorts of curious shapes and forms. The colour also varied. In some places it was a dull, dirty grey; in others it was a jet black, and shone like a polished stove; others again the colour was a deep orange; and in others the colour was that of burnt ashes. In some places the lava had



VOLCANO PLAIN



a crater" is 2,500 feet across, and the sides are steep descent—straight as a house which point is the burning lake, but this changing. Some was 600 feet below the since then it has stead-

and rifts, out of which issued sulphurous fumes. There the lava was hot, and difficult to over, ever changing and varying. Across this plodded in single file, the route being marked out by piles of broken lava, he

at regular frequent intervals.

We arrived at Halemaumau about 5:30, and up our ascent on the edge of the crater. The crater "w

side—for 170 feet above the present level of the level is constant. months ago the top of the crater

ily risen



rising, it is expected to be level with the top in a few months. The lake never overflows. Generally, when it is very high in the crater, an eruption breaks out in one of the mountain on the Island, after which the lake falls again to its lowest

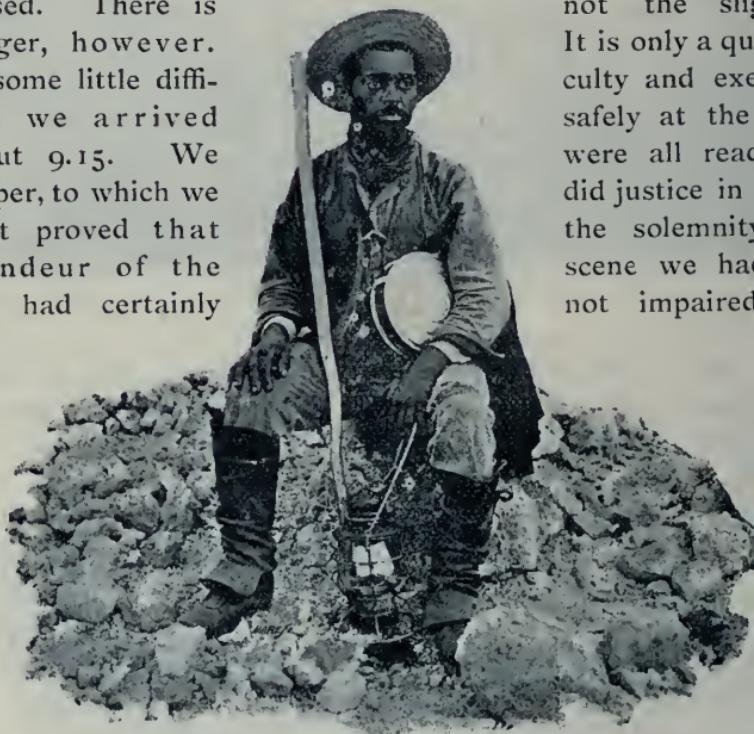


BURNING LAKE.

level. At the time we were there it was about 1,000 to 1,200 feet diameter, being surrounded by a beach—if I may be allowed to use the term—of 500 to 600 feet in width. It is quite impossible to describe the scene. Around the shores of the lake the red molten lava was dashing like angry surf on a rock-bound coast, sending showers of molten spray some 20 to 30 feet high, and accompanying all this was the roar of the waves rising and falling, now louder, now fainter, whilst the centre of the lake was alive with moving jets and fountains of molten lava. Between these and the sides a thin crust of lava kept forming as the surface of the lake cooled, to be broken up and cast into the air by fresh jets and fountains upheaving from

the sides of the volcano, and in the clouds of mist and smoke that hung overhead, and also by the fact that the burning mass was not only ever changing in appearance but also in activity. Sometimes for a considerable interval it would appear quite dull, and the light and glow would almost fade away, but it was not long before it broke out again with renewed activity. It was a scene never to be forgotten. It was a veritable "fire that burneth and fire that is not quenched."

After remaining two hours we set out to retrace our steps homeward, each armed with a lantern, one guide leading the way, the other guide following behind. It was now pitch dark, and however difficult the road had been in the daylight it was nothing compared to the way back. However, on we went in Indian file, the lanterns flickering, the leading guide every now and then on reaching some blow hole raising the cry "Crack! crack!" which cry was repeated in turn by each as the spot was passed. There is danger, however. We had some little difficulty and we arrived about 9.15. We had supper, to which we added a bottle of beer that proved that the grandeur of the scene we had left had certainly not the slightest effect on us.



were scientific, some were flowery and gushing, some were poetical, and there was one description short, practical, and to the point. It said simply "Rough on boots!" We looked at our poor feet, and the truth of this was forced upon us. One of our party had the sole of one boot completely worn off, and the boots of all the others were in a far gone condition. The sharp points of the lava cut into the leather like so many saws.

Next morning several of us set off to visit a forest of tree ferns about two miles from the hotel. We found it one tangled



FERN GULLY.

mass of ferns and creeping plants growing in tropical luxuriance. Some of the tree ferns had stems 20 feet high, and the majority were over 8 feet, the stems covered with numerous varieties of beautiful small ferns.

SAMOA.

THE following day we commenced the return journey to Honolulu, and left on Sunday, November 20, for Auckland. We reached Samoa on Monday, Nov. 28, but had only



NATIVE BOATS (CATAMARANS) AT APIA, SAMOA.

hours there in which to go on shore. The natives at Samoa are far behind in civilization those of the Sandwich Islands. Many numbers still live in the native grass huts, and dress in the cloth,—a cloth made from the bark of trees. They all

SAMOA.



VILLAGE SCENE, SAMOA.





SAMOAN BELLE.

who first landed at Samoa and on passing the 180th to have added a day to their calendar. This they omitted to do, and consequently were observing Sunday on Saturday. The setting right of this matter caused quite a struggle in Samoa, the missionaries offering the strongest resistance

for Samoa, this was a pretty price. Others of the natives in the water, holding bunch fruit over their heads with hand, whilst with the other kept themselves afloat, under by the fact that sharks abound in the bay. It is said that sharks will not touch a native whether the native is strong

or not. As to the shark flavour or has too strong a flavour I cannot say. It is a fact that sharks were there, but only three were seen to the ship and 50 yards of where the natives were swimming, and neither natives nor sharks showed the slightest notice of each other.

The mission came *via* Australia. In degree they



under of having to explain their mistake to the natives, and having to tell them that the Sunday they had observed for years was not a Sunday at all but a Saturday. This they feared would destroy the native faith in Sunday altogether. However, the merchants insisted on the mistake being rectified, and, finally, the missionaries giving way, this was done last year by holding two fourth of July celebrations.



ARRIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND.

WE crossed the 180th degree in the night of December 1st, and as we were travelling westward we had to draw anchor at 4 a.m. the following day, Friday, December 2nd. So going to bed at 11 p.m. on the previous day night, December 1st, on waking next morning we found it was Saturday, December 3rd.

We arrived at Auckland on Sunday afternoon, December 4th, and were glad to have reached civilisation, letters, and telegrams. We found everything there to be more English—I had almost as much English as than England—but certainly than any place we had seen since leaving England. The hotel, the "Star," where we staid, is thoroughly English, and if we were not at home we could not have been made as comfortable as we could be were we at home. The first person we saw on the quay waiting to welcome us was a friend we last saw in England four years before, and as we had been entirely amongst strangers since leaving Canada about the middle of October, this feeling of being at home was increased by the happy meeting.

We are now at Wairakei, in the hot water district, the "Wonderland" of New Zealand. Just as at Kilauea all we see is steam and boiling lava, so here all is steam and boiling water, with the smell of sulphur and hot flat irons. Close by is the hot spring called the "Devil's Steam Hammer," where you hear an awful noise like the vibration of a constant "thud," "thud" beneath you, as if some mighty force striving to break loose. I suppose it will go on "thud," "thud," until the ground gives away and the whole lake is blown up. Another wonder, called the "Geyser," is a pool of hissing, bubbling, boiling water that every seven minutes spouts columns of water and clouds of steam some 20 to 30 feet high. At another spot is the "Lava

ARRIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND.

6



thousands of horse power—steam enough, in fact, to drive

needs no further description than the name ; another name " Twins" is so formed by a rock having fallen across the m^l causing the jet of water to divide. Another is called Champagne lake, because it is always bubbling like a beaker of champagne. The waters are all colours, some some green, others pink, while others combine two or colours in various parts of the same lake. Others again mud lakes bubbling and hissing, and oozing out a slatey cold mud. All these lakes have strong curative powers that



known to the natives long before the advent of the white The mud they eat as a cure for certain diseases, the waters both drink and bathe in, and as the curative properties are deniable, it is not surprising that this district is yearly beco

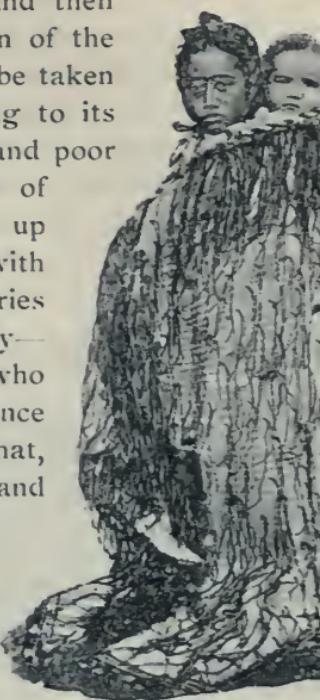
huge modern hotels, and has the advantage of being not only more homelike, but capable of almost any expansion. The system, however, has one drawback—it can only be adopted where land is plentiful and cheap. We lived in a cosy little cottage, built like the native "whare" or hut, the walls a roof of grass, the inside of reeds. The centre is the hall dining room, out of which lead three bedrooms and a service room. It is spotlessly clean, cool in summer, and warm in winter, and last, but not least, from the proprietor's point of view, very inexpensive to build. We had a little garden which we saw in full bloom all the best of our old-fashioned English garden flowers. It was hard to believe that we were not in Devonshire or the Isle of Wight, but in the New Zealand mountains, so far removed from civilisation that even the horses had to be sent over 50 miles to be shod, and that, as a matter of fact, we were nearer to the Maoris than to the white men. It is only ten years since this spot was sold by the Maoris to the late husband of the present proprietress, Mrs. Graham, and since then everything has had to be brought here, roads made and trees planted, cottages built, and what was then a desert turned into a perfect garden. We all agreed that it was the most comfortable place we could possibly desire.

THE MAORIS AND THE LAND.

WE came to Wairakei from Auckland *via* Okoroire Rotorua. Auckland is a fine growing city with immense possibilities for the future. We left Auckland Wednesday, December 7th, by train. The lines there a narrow gauge railway of 3ft. 10in., and the carriages are an adaptation of the American plan, that is, one long saloon with doors at each end. As we sped along there was wafted to us the perfume of the new mown hay, sweet briars, and spring flowers, and we thought of December at home—wet and cold, or sunshiny and sloppy—with something as near approaching a shiver as was possible on a warm summer day. On arrival at Okoroire our stopping place for the night, I took my first hot water bath, followed by a dip in the cool river that flows past the bath house, and whilst I cannot say what the curative properties of this particular spring may be, the combination of hot and cold certainly was a success as a “Pick-me-up” after nine hours of travel.

The next morning we started early for Rotorua by the coach, and a magnificent drive it was through New Zealand bush and over rolling plains. With the exception of settlements—one a sawmill, another the Halfway House, and one solitary farm, we saw no sign of man in all our six hours drive. Most of the land is exceedingly good, and the timber in the forests—red and white pine and other valuable woods—of immense size, some of the red pines being 15 to 20 feet in circumference at 6 feet above ground. All this is waiting only for willing hands to develop it. Of course great care

town population and home market, and then will come the time for the cultivation of the poorer lands. I say great care must be taken in the selection of land, because owing to its volcanic formation you find good land and poor land sometimes within a stonethrow of each other. On the way, we pulled up at a farmhouse and were regaled with baskets of beautiful fresh strawberries brought to the coach by a young lady—probably the squatter's daughter—who offered them for sale with a grace at once so refined, delicate, and lady-like that, although we were out in the New Zealand bush, far removed from any sign of civilisation, it was the very embodiment of *la grande manière*. We arrived at Rotorua about 2-30, and after arranging for our rooms at the "Geyser Hotel," we at once proceeded to indulge in the luxury of hot baths. The hot springs here are in the possession of the Maoris, who make a charge of 1s. 6d. each person, notwithstanding that the spot on which the bathhouse is built is leased from them by the proprietor of the hotel, and at rather a stiff figure, as we were given to understand. This looks suspiciously like charging twice over for the same thing. I may here remark that the Maoris are treated exceptionally well by the New Zealand Government in matters relating to their land, far better than any previous Governments in any other quarter of the globe have dealt with the native races. Every acre of land that does not belong to the white man, by purchase or treaty, is viewed as belonging right to the natives. Now, whether the fact that the Maoris were camping out on the land at the time that the white man came makes their claim to absolute ownership stronger than that of the white man, who, coming here, has, by his own exertions and industry, unaided in the slightest degree by the Maoris, given whatever value there may be to the land, is



land cannot be seized for any debts they may contract. Not only do they not pay in the form of rates or other taxes anything towards the cost of road making, but are actually paid for the land required to make the road, whilst the white man, when a road is made through his land, not only has to give the land required for that purpose, but also has to pay in the form of rates and taxes the cost of making the road. This is carrying a just acknowledgment of the rights of landlords a little too far. It is not surprising therefore that we should see all the vices of landlordism developed among the natives, and that they should, as naturally as a man goes to water, take to that portion of our system of civilisation which enables them to sit in idleness whilst their lands are being developed and made of value without so much as their lifting their little finger, or even bearing any of the burdens of taxation that this development entails. Here in New Zealand you find the native races occupying the super position of landlords towards the white man, granting leases and drawing rents. Surely this is "unearned increment" in a vengeance, for the land had practically no value till the white man came. I heard of one native who was said to be drawing £5,000 a year in rents. I heard of another who refused to renew a lease, after the tenant had spent large sums on the property, except at a greatly increased rental. I heard of other natives who still own building land in Wellington and other large cities, and who have risen to the opportunity afforded them and refused to sell, knowing that every day their property increases in value. Undoubtedly much could be done in support of the Maoris' claims to ownership, and it would be out of place for me to go further into the question than to record how the matter stands, so far as I have been able to gather information, and, of course, subject to correction should I have been misinformed as to the exact details.

Having paid our 1s. 6d. each and entered our names in the book, we took our bath, and afterwards strolled quite through the Maori village. Here the natives do their cooking by boiling in the hot pools with which the ground is honeycombed.

until it is sufficiently cooked, when they carry it home and eat it. I did not see a single fire in the whole village. How housewives at home must envy the sweet simplicity of this domestic arrangement! No smell of cooking in the house, no getting up at five o'clock to light the fires, the water always on the boil day and night, week-day and Sunday, and all that is necessary being merely to pop the things to be cooked into



COOKING.

bag, suspend it in the water, go and have a smoke or a gossip, and come back to find the dinner ready for eating. There is, of course, the trifling disadvantage that sometimes the children tumble into these holes, even whilst playing in their own little garden, and are seen no more. But this is only a detail which may or may not be a disadvantage, according to the views the parents hold with regard to what are often, even in England, described as "encumbrances." Here and there we saw pools—not hot wells—but merely holes, in which overflow water from

necessity of providing themselves with the luxury of dressing rooms. There is nothing the native delights in so much as a hot bath, and it is wonderful how correct they are in their knowledge of the properties of the different hot springs. For instance, the bath called at the Sanatorium, "Madame Rad-



BATHING.

because of its beautifying effect on the skin, has been known by the natives for generations by a name which, literally translated, is "Young Maiden's Skin," signifying that it makes the skin as soft as that of a young girl. In the village we met a tall, thin old savage known as the "Bone Scraper." After a person dies the body is buried for two years, when it is dug up and the flesh scraped off the bones, which are then deposited on the top of certain high mountains, the exact spot being known only to the particular tribe to which it belonged. The "Sorcerer" is the "undertaker" who does this for his tribe.

like pig, "only nicer." He seems to have been a bit of an epicure in his way, because he complained that "white man tastes salt," but he added, "Maori never." Probably he happened to fall on a party of early settlers who had been living on salt pork during the six months' voyage out. His face was beautifully tatooed, and it certainly did not at all detract from his appearance, but rather the contrary. The practice of tatooing appears to be fast dying out, and we did not see any of the young men ornamented in this way.



"BONE SCRAPER."

WAIOTAPU.

THE next day we drove to Waiotapu, a long drive of twenty miles, but it is such a wonderful region that we were more than repaid for the visit. The whole country seems to be one huge deposit of sulphur, silica, alum, and other substances. One mountain seems to comprise the whole, and glows in the sun a mass of gorgeous colouring, which gives it the name "Rainbow Mountain." The geysers are numerous and wonderful, and here we saw two that spouted mineral water. The most wonderful fact is that these geysers—some containing some sulphur, some alum, silica, etc.—are often side by side, and yet are quite distinct in their properties and character. Here we saw in miniature some pink and white terraces which give one a very fair idea of what must have been the effect of the celebrated ones that were destroyed in 1886. These terraces are formed by the overflows from the geysers, which, after a process of hundreds or thousands of years deposit a hard crust, impregnated of the substance with which the water is impregnated. Some of the lakes here are a deep blue colour, others are pink, milk white, or black. After we had visited all the geysers our Maori guide struck a match and held it to a blow-hole, the steam of which was issuing very little vapour. Immediately a great rush of steam followed, which was repeated over and over again, with various blow-holes, and always with the same result. I tried to get some explanation of this phenomenon, but no one here seemed to be able to explain it satisfactorily. The Maori, however, had his explanation when I asked him why it was so, he at once said, without the slightest hesitation, "Devil's work, that's what like."

on a crust of very uncertain thickness—in some places hundreds of feet thick, in others only a few inches. Occasionally accidents happen, and a foot breaking through the crust as through thin ice, slips into the boiling water that bubbles beneath, and gets badly scalded. One of our party slipped in this way, but fortunately he recovered himself quickly, and happily without damage. This had the effect of making us all extremely cautious to follow in the exact footsteps of the guides during the remainder of our stay there.

ERUPTION OF TARAWERA.

WE had heard ever since arriving in this Hot Water ~~W~~ land such accounts of the departed glories of the Pink White Terraces, destroyed in one night by the eruption of Tarawera, June 10th, 1886, after having probably existed thousands of years, that we decided to make an excursion and see the handiwork of volcano and earthquake on a scale. Formerly, tourists travelled by coach over a good road. But now the road exists no longer. In some places it is swallowed up in a yawning abyss. In other places it is cut right in a crack 30 to 60 feet wide that follows the centre of the road miles. So there was nothing for it but to go on horseback. Some could lay the slightest claim to being able to ride a horse never had ridden in their lives. Others remembered having ridden ponies in their youth, and having still a recollection of the tricks the ponies resorted to in order to rid of them, hardly felt equal to renewing their part in the performance. One of the party declared that whenever he went horseback he was always, like the sailor, paying out or hauling in the slack of the reins. He said if the horse lifted up its head he seemed to have reins long enough for half-a-dozen horses, and didn't know what to do with the surplus, but that when the horse stopped to eat a little clover by the roadside (and he said that was the case with all the horses he had given him to ride always did take that liberty), then the reins grew so plaguey short that he was nearly over the horse's head. When he pulled hard to convince himself it was about time to move on, his horse would turn its right round and look so reproachfully into his face that he

However, our guide promised to give each of us the sure-footed little Maori horses that are able to find the road just as well without a rider as with one, and so we all felt bold enough to decide to go. And, I may here say, as showing how well the horses did their work, that the first words uttered by a grey-haired venerable gentleman on our return were that his only regret was that he could not give his horse five shillings

because, he said, "it deserves it." As proof of this he mentioned that at one point of the road home he was



last of the party got on the wrong path, and that, after proceeding along it for about 200 yards, his horse stopped, shook

its head, and without even so much as waiting to ask his leave turned quietly round and retraced its steps until it struck the right trail. He afterwards discovered that the path he was



PINK AND WHITE TERRACES.

sweet briars mingled with them in a way that made it difficult to believe we were not in some Devonshire or Cheshire lane. The air was beautifully fresh, but the sky was cloudy, and we had an occasional shower in the morning, but the afternoon and evening were bright and clear. We soon reached the country affected by the eruption; here and there the trees and shrubs were buried beneath the storm of ashes and pumice during the rain that rained down from Mount Tarawera that awful night. The



WHITE TERRACES.

itself had split right down the centre, so that it is now nothing but a yawning chasm. This rift follows the centre of the road for fully three miles, and at first it appeared to me that the cleavage had followed the break in the earth's crust caused by making the road, just in the same way that the cleavage in a stone will follow the groove made by the mason's chisel; but a little closer examination showed me that the rift followed the road only for so long as the road was in the centre of the valley, and therefore I concluded that the coincidence of road and

spot where it looked impossible for man or horse, or indeed for any living creature other than a chamois, to get past. It was at a place where a huge crack went deep into the sides of a mountain in the form of a wedge or letter V. Along the sides of this a narrow path, not more than two feet wide, had been notched out, but constant use and rain storms had worn this path almost away. To reach the first arm of this V-shaped crack there was a very sharp descent—so sharp indeed that it was quite a scramble down—followed by the quick turn of the corner almost at right angles on to the narrow ledge running round the sides of the cleft in the mountain. In going round the corner one of the horses got too much speed on, and in turning actually got one leg over the precipice before being able to pull himself together. The rider had hardly time to shout out "I'm going over," when the horse recovered himself and proceeded quietly and cautiously along the narrow path, and reached the other side in safety. I suppose there was not the slightest danger. The guide said there never had been an accident, and argued therefrom that such a thing was impossible, and he ought to know. Certainly, the horses knew the way perfectly, and were so sure-footed that they might be trusted to take themselves and riders safely over paths where it would positively be dangerous for the riders to walk on foot. Notwithstanding this we all breathed more freely when we got safely past the place on our return journey, and one of the party was heard to declare that no money should tempt him over there again.

We reached Wairoa in good time, but what a scene of desolation it was. Formerly this was the busiest tourist headquarters in New Zealand, for all the world went to see the Pink and White Terraces, not to have seen which, for anyone with the slightest claim to being a "globe trotter," was equivalent to not having seen Niagara, or London, or Paris. Here there were on the night of June 9th, 1886, two hotels, a church, and a happy prosperous village. But on the following morning all was buried, with little remaining to mark the spot. Those who saw the terraces in all their glory say that there is nothing now left in the whole of this district worth the journey to see, but to us who viewed the awful desolation and waste

though the road was, than ever before. We pictured ourselves the scene of the evening of June 9th, 1886, ever peaceful and quiet; the hotels with their usual complement of tourists eager for the morrow and their visit to the famous races; the natives in their "whares" calculating how much their work as guides and boatmen would be worth to them; the centre of all stood the little village church, the village with its water wheel giving a suggestion of civilisation, comfort and prosperity to the scene. It was exactly the same in appearance as on any other ordinary night, and no one dreamt of danger, much less was prepared for it. We heard from an eye witness that about one o'clock in the morning of June 9th everyone was aroused by Mount Tarawera being in eruption. Hastily dressing, tourists from the hotels and natives from their "whares" flocked to a point of vantage the best to view the grand and awe-inspiring spectacle, little thinking it could possibly affect themselves, who were a good many miles away, and with Lake Tarawera between them and the burning mountain. But soon the air was filled with clouds of falling pumice, sand, and cinders, and the ground was shaken convulsively under shocks of earthquake. In the panic which ensued no one knew where to go or where to hide, for there was no place that appeared likely to be more secure than an



In this strange English town Mr. Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, suggested that when they return to the hotel, and when all who were willing to do so, should join him in a walk. One can easily realise the impressiveness of the gathering.

feebleness and impotence as great as that of the very lowest of God's creatures.

The shocks of earth-quake grew worse, the showers of dust and ashes heavier, and all except Mr. Bainbridge left the hotel and fled to a native "whare," fearing each moment that the hotel, although built of wood, stout and firm, would collapse and bury

them. After this Mr. Bainbridge appears to have commenced to write a letter, which was found next day unfinished, when a quiver of greater force than any before shook the hotel to its foundation. He rushed out and was caught and buried beneath the falling verandah. He was the only European killed; all the rest escaped, even without a scratch, in the native "whares" or huts, which equally well withstood the earthquake and the falling ashes.

We found the place in exactly the same state it has been in ever since that awful night. The once prosperous village lies buried beneath the volcano ashes. There we saw just the top of the village mill and the water wheel, but the stream that drove it has disappeared, and only the top rail of the little bridge that crossed the rushing waters can be seen. The native "whares"—all but one that stands solitary and desolate on a rising piece of ground—are completely entombed beneath the showers of sand and cinders. The hotel is buried almost to the bedroom windows. The ashes appear to have drifted like snow before a gale, so that here and there you may see garden gates showing above the ground, but not a vestige of a hut or house for they are buried many feet deep. At a point some eight miles



WAIROA HOTEL, AFTER EXPLOSION.

dug out—who can tell—some hundreds or thousands of hence, like a second Pompeii. In some places the ash sand thrown out by the volcano have covered the land 20 deep; in others they lie only like thin dust on the ground. whole country round has the appearance of being enveloped



THE OLD MILL.

dirty snow—snow, that is, such as falls near a smoky city. a native or white man is now to be found through a region; everywhere is desolation and barrenness, and it take centuries before any depth of soil can accumulate clothe the surface. First we noticed come the ferns grow crevasses here and there, then other plants, and so on nature shall have covered with fertile soil this bare and desolate region, making it again ready for the use of man.

We decided to cross the lake and explore Mount Tarawera. Unfortunately, after making the eight miles in the boat began to rain, and the highest point of the mountain was enveloped in mist that we were compelled to abandon all idea of reaching it, and content ourselves with climbing up only half

it is to-day. The fire is still there, and on poking a stick in the sides of the mountain and drawing it out again, the end was found to be burnt and charred. The whole place looks "uncanny," and we were all glad—although, no doubt, we should

have confessed so much to each other—when we began to retrace our steps down the side of the mountain



CARVED HOUSE.

We rowed again across the lake, and we climbed up to Wairoa, but on our arrival there we found that several of the horses had

broken loose and rambled off, which was certainly another proof of their intelligence, for as far as grass or vegetation was concerned, they might easily find a better place. However, they were captured at last by the Maoris, and we finally all arrived at the hotel in safety, after what, to our town and city muscle,



VILLAGE SCENE.

NAPIER TO DUNEDIN.

After leaving the Hot Lake district at Wairakei we travelled by coach to Napier, through some of the finest scenery imaginable, over mountain tops, along roads that overhang deep precipices and valleys, down magnificent gorges and skirting New Zealand bush, profuse in wild flowers and ferns. Seated beside the driver, viewing all this, the coach rattling along at a speed that makes everyone except the driver feel nervous, re-

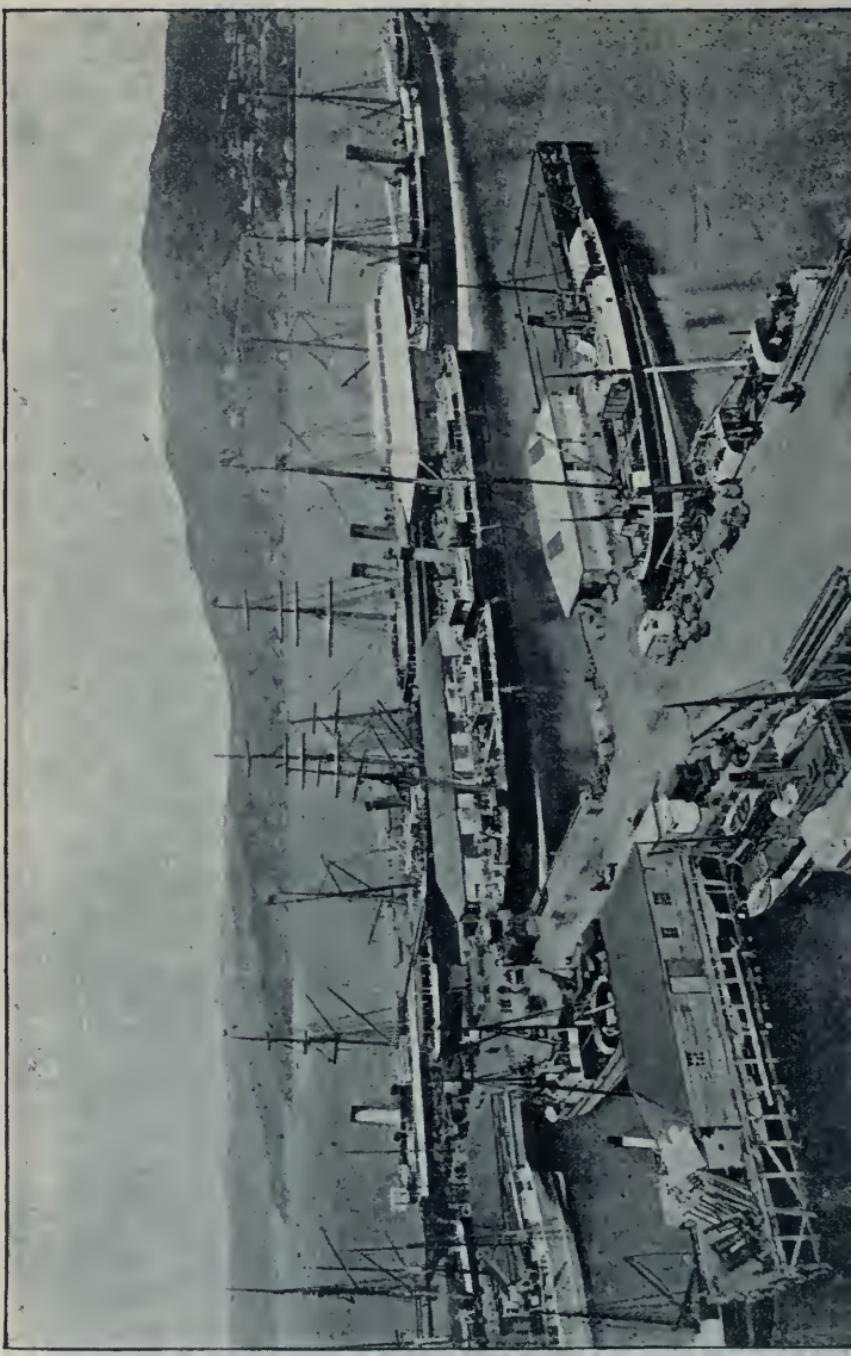


MOLUTAIK

galed with dotes last war a early life, on be bla

pieces of road-making are to be met with, but probably a stretch of five miles in length, reached about two hours before entering Napier, is the most remarkable road the world can show. In the short length we had to ford—there are no bridges—the river Es and one of its tributaries no fewer than forty-six times. The road traverses a deep valley, through which the river winds and twists, first touching one side of the valley then the other, sides so precipitous that it was impossible to make a road on either one or the other, except at an enormous expense. Consequently the way is made down the centre of the valley, crossing and re-crossing the river in a seemingly endless succession of fords—no light work for the horses nor easy task for the driver. At each crossing there is first the sharp run down the bank, then the plunge into the river, full of treacherous holes, which varying in position after each flood, the driver is expected to know and avoid with the skill of a pilot. In ordinary times the water flows freely over the axles of the wheels, but in flood times the water rises much higher and then the passage can only be made heading down stream, otherwise, as the water flows through the coach, the horses could not make way against the stream. A new road is now being constructed by the Government along a route which avoids this river altogether. We felt fortunate in travelling before it was finished. Good roads are not nowadays a novelty even in the colonies. A road such as we had just passed over we may never meet with again.

We found Napier to be built on land jutting out into a bay so that there is a harbour on one side of the town, and a fine sea beach on the other, reminding us on the sea side very much of Llandudno, only that the hill representing the Great Orme Head is nothing like so large. Our next journey was Wellington, thence we crossed to the middle or South Island and on to Christchurch, which is such a thoroughly South England Cathedral town that one can hardly believe it to be New Zealand and not in England. From Christchurch Dunedin—a second Edinburgh, only lacking, of course, the fine view from the Princes Street of the modern Athens. N



were decorated with evergreens in true Christmas fashion, the streets were crowded with eager purchasers of Christmas cards and of toys to be given in the name of Santa Claus, but to view all this with the sun shining bright and strong until long after eight o'clock at night, the people in print dresses, muslins, and



AT CHRISTCHURCH.

summer suits with nothing to suggest Father Christmas, covered with frost and snow, made all look like hollow shells, a mere masquerade Christmas.

and a very poor one at that. We felt inclined to take some of the rising generation aside and ask them if they knew what Christmas really ought to be like.

From Dunedin we went to the Lake Wakatipu, in the district called the Switzerland of New Zealand, and after a short stay—far too short to become fully acquainted with the beauty of its deep blue lakes and snow-capped mountains—we

NEW ZEALAND'S LABOUR GOVERNMENT

THERE is a story told of a Frenchman saying to his host, "If I were not a Frenchman, I should wish to be an Englishman," and of his host replying, "If I were not an Englishman, I should wish to be an Englishman." The more we see of New Zealand, its climate and people, the more we feel constrained to say that if our home was not in England



should wish it to be in New Zealand, and we also feel that those who have their homes there might with truth say if their home were not in New Zealand, they should

beauties and wonders we have nothing even to compare with what is to be seen in New Zealand. We agree with the prophet that in the future it will be the Britain of the Pacific.

New Zealand is a very paradise for the working man—in the sense that the working man is the man who will work. There is no place there—as Mr. Gladstone recently stated there was not anywhere in the whole wide world—for the idle wealthy man, known in New Zealand as the "Social Pest." Recent legislation has been specially directed to prevent the possibility of his gaining a foothold in the country, through acquisition of the broad acres of New Zealand.

The Government there is essentially a working man government—from the Premier downwards. The majority are themselves working men. Some are compositors, some boilermakers, one is a lamp lighter, one a packer in a store, and so on. It is said of one that he was actually at work inside a boiler, driving home the rivets, when the paper announcing his appointment was handed to him. And yet I must say, for the benefit of those who would expect the contrary, that I found it to generally admitted that it is one of the best governments New Zealand has ever had. There have been no revolutionary measures—unless, indeed, the graduated land tax be so called—the country is more prosperous than ever, and as far as I can gather, the electors are likely to renew their confidence in the Government at the next election. Undoubtedly, as might be expected from a government representing the democracy, differences have been made in the incidence of taxation, where incomes and property below certain values are either entirely relieved from taxation or have to pay only on a reduced scale, whilst large incomes and large estates pay on a higher and gradually rising scale. But this must appeal to all of us as merely just and right, and not an abuse of power such as we at home have suffered under, when, the power being in the hands of the wealthy landowners, the incidence of taxation was so arranged that the greater burdens should fall on the backs of the people, whilst the wealthy landlords should escape almost entirely free. Of course there are many people

tax, whilst those with small incomes pay either sixpence a pound or nothing, according to the degree of smallness of incomes!! I cannot but think that their dismal forebodings mainly from the fact that their own pockets are too empty. As to such a tax driving capital out of the country, the idea is too absurd. So long as New Zealand can offer a good and a fair return to capitalists they will not leave.

GRADUATED LAND TAX.

BUT there is another tax directed to reach the wealthy, but which altogether differs in principle from the income tax, and that is the graduated land tax. New Zealand suffers, although not to the same extent as do the Australian Colonies, from the fact that there are there a number of very large estates held by private individuals and by wealthy companies. The tendency of this is to keep out small squatters. The owners, say, of estates of 50,000 acres and upwards, will not divide their estates, knowing that the value of their property is increasing by leaps and bounds owing to the rapid development of the country. Undoubtedly to hold



increased value of their land. But the fact is in many cases rather retard than promote the progress of the country. the nation as a whole has to be active and energetic, some of who hold these large estates, on the contrary, feel that their policy is a waiting one — that time, in fact, will do more for them than they can do for themselves. All this tells against the advancement of the country, and the present Government had to seek for a solution of the difficulty. Not even the strongest supporters would hold that the graduated land tax is a perfect measure. Still it appears to be likely, judging by the results already obtained, to realize the object in view — namely, the ultimate splitting up of large estates into a number of smaller ones. We must not forget that it was the Government themselves that sold the land to the owners of these large estates. Therefore, although they have now discovered their error, and passed a law which, in the future, limits the sale of Government land to not exceeding 2,000 acres to any one person, it is evident that they must act fairly and honourably by those to whom they willingly sold large tracts of land in the early days of the Colony. The Conservatives claim that the Labour Party, by passing the graduated land tax, have broken faith with the owners of large estates, and they make their opposition to this tax one of the strong points of their case against the Government.

I will endeavour to explain the tax and its bearings, because it appears to me to be one of the most important measures concerning the future of New Zealand, either for good or evil. It could possibly be devised. I find from the Official Handbook of New Zealand, 1892, that first there is a "Land tax of one shilling in the pound on the actual value of land, a deduction being allowed to each owner of the present value of improvements up to £3,000, and an owner is also allowed to deduct any amount owing by him, and which is secured by a registered mortgage. In addition to the above deductions, there is an exemption of £500 allowed when the balance, after making deduction as stated, does not exceed £1,500; and above that a small deduction is allowed, but it ceases when the balance amount reaches £2,500. Mortgages are subject to the land tax." "In a

graduated land tax commences with a tax of one-eighth of a penny in the pound when the value is £5,000 and under £10,000, and rises on a graduated scale, increasing by one eighth of a penny in the pound for every £10,000 to £20,000 increase in value. When the value reaches £210,000 the tax is one penny-three-farthings in the pound. Beyond this there is no further increase in taxation. From this it will be seen at once how heavily this tax presses on large estates, and how very lightly on small or moderate sized ones, which is in fact the very object the Government have in view. Thus, for instance, an estate of the value of say £8,000 would pay one penny in the pound property tax and one-eighth of a penny in the pound graduated tax, amounting together to £37 10s. od.; but an estate of the value of say £240,000 would have to pay one penny in the pound property tax and one penny-three-farthings in the pound graduated land tax, amounting together to £2,750, that is to say, it must pay over seventy times the amount in taxes, although only thirty times the value. And supposing such an estate in New Zealand could be looked upon as a five per cent investment, the owner would have to pay close on 5s. in the pound out of his income to the Government. But if he was not so fortunate as to own his own estate clear of mortgages his position becomes quite untenable, for he cannot deduct anything on account of any mortgage from the amount of the graduated tax. Thus, if his estate were mortgaged for three-quarters of its value, say £180,000, after deducting this from the amount due on property tax he would find, supposing he paid 5 per cent interest for the mortgage, that out of his nett income of £3,000 he must pay £2,000 in taxes, that is, 13s. 4d. in the pound. Should he value the estate at less than the Government he can force the Government to either buy his estate at his own valuation, or reduce their valuation to the same amount. The portion of the Act has already been taken advantage of by some owners of large estates, and during our stay in New Zealand most notably by the Trustees of the Cheviott Estate. The estate of over 80,000 acres, was valued by the Government £300,000, and by the owners at £260,000. The Government declined to reduce their valuation, and in view of the fact that

excellent land, well suited for cutting up into small farms of course it will be of much more value to the country, and employment and food for thousands more people than in the present state as a sheep farm, employing only a comparatively small number of hands as shepherds, shearers, etc. No doubt this sale appears a particularly hard one for the vendors, who, I am informed, gave originally some ten shillings an acre for the land (say £40,000), which with £45,000, the assessed value of the improvements, leaves the good sum of £175,000 profit to the vendor. Credit, for what may fairly be called "unearned increment," in such cases would not probably show so favourably for the vendor in this one. It certainly appears to me that to prevent inequality being done some extension of the power to force the Government to purchase at a fair valuation should be granted to the owners of estates affected by the graduated land tax. The Government have discovered their error in selling large estates of land to single individuals, but the large estates were created by purchase from themselves or the Maoris, and in such a case acknowledged by themselves, it would appear that the only course open to them was to offer now to the owners the alternative of either selling back at the present fair value, or paying the graduated tax. I do not know and could not get information as to how the man stands who rents say 100,000 (as many as there are) acres from the Government, nor what amount he has to pay in graduated tax, but it is quite clear that when leases for such land fall in arrears the Government will be free to deal with them as they consider best for the public good. The object of the graduated land tax is to be the "greatest good of the greatest number," and in the settlement of the country with a number of small farmers instead of a few large ones, undoubtedly the Government cannot do better than to deal other than fairly by those who bought these large estates from them in perfect good faith, and I have no doubt that if such inequality will be remedied. But there is one question that may perhaps be asked in considering this matter, and that is, why there should not be a corresponding tax on other property? As far as I can gather, £10,000 invested in

GRADUATED LAND TAX.

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LAKE WAKATIPU.

varies the incidence of taxation as between one class of property and another. Therefore, to correctly understand the great land tax, we must consider it not as a tax, but as a tax framed to discourage the holding of large landed estates, viewed from this standpoint, and as an absolute necessity for the proper development and settling of the country, it appears to be a good and useful act, and one that certainly tells no more heavily against the interests of large landowners than did the re-enactment of the Corn Laws with regard to the same class in England. The necessity in each case was the same,—the progress and advancement of the nation, and the well-being of the masses, in attaining these ends any immediate and temporary loss which the classes might suffer was not for one moment allowed to stand in the way of reform. That really there is not any very great inequality in the New Zealand system of taxation, apart from the penalty entailed on the holding of large estates, can probably best be illustrated by taking for comparison one of our largest and wealthiest commercial undertakings—say Guinness's brewery, and the land of one of our wealthiest proprietors—say the known Duke. It is impossible to give the exact value of the two properties, but this will not in any way affect the correctness of the illustrative comparison. We will therefore suppose the present market value of Guinness's brewery, as represented by the quotations of the shares, is between £13,000,000 and £14,000,000, and the nett annual income £750,000. We will also suppose that the present value of the Duke's landed property is between £13,000,000 and £14,000,000, in which the nett annual income would probably not exceed £400,000. If these two properties were in New Zealand, Guinness's brewery would pay in direct Imperial tax £37,500 a year, or five per cent. on the nett income, and the Duke's property would pay in direct Imperial tax £150,000 a year, or 37½ per cent. on the nett income. But if the Duke came to the conclusion, as he would, that this tax made large landed estates into a bad investment, he would sell out. Supposing the estate was sold for £14,000,000, the Duke would pay £500,000 in direct Imperial tax, or 3½ per cent. on the value of the property.

would probably invest the proceeds in Government, railway, and other securities, yielding him his original nett income £400,000 a year, on which he would then pay only £20,000 a year in direct Imperial taxes, instead of £150,000. This result clearly shows that the intention of the graduated land tax to make the holding of large landed estates practical is impossible. At the same time the holding of landed estates of moderate size is not impossible—the tax on an estate of say £48,000 value, would be £325 a year—a heavy tax certainly but not entirely prohibitive.

The principle embodied in the graduated land tax is the key note to a great deal of the legislation of the Labour Party in New Zealand. But, unfortunately, through some of the acts they have passed with a similar object the proverbial coach and six can be driven. For instance, there is an act called "one man, one run" (*i.e.*, one farm), which provides that no man shall purchase or lease from the Government more than 2,000 acres of good land, or such a quantity of poor land as would carry 5,000 sheep. This act gives splendid scope for what is known as "dummying,"—that is, purchasing as many 2,000 acre or smaller plots as the purchaser wishes to hold in the names of friends and relatives, acting as "dummies." If, however, a case of "dummying" can be proved, those convicted can be severely dealt with by the law, but then unfortunately it is not easy to prove "dummying," especially if the "dummies" are relatives. Another act, the spirit of which is often broken, is one which provides that where two or more persons apply for the same plot of land, the plot shall be balloted for. Formerly this difficulty was settled by selling the plot to the man who would give the highest price for it, but it was considered that under this system none except men of means had the slightest chance. Therefore, with the intention of giving an equal chance to rich and poor alike, a law was passed providing that such lots be balloted for, each applicant depositing 10 per cent. of the value at the time of making his application. Capitalists were not long in seeing a loop-hole here, and of taking advantage of it. The capitalist could put in fifty applications in the name

old." He has, however, the consolation of knowing that often the "biter gets bitten," as when one of the "dumb" proving an exception to the rule which states that "always honour amongst thieves," refuses to hand over the he has won to the "dummier," who under such circumstances can only "grin and abide." He has, of course, no objection against the "dummy."



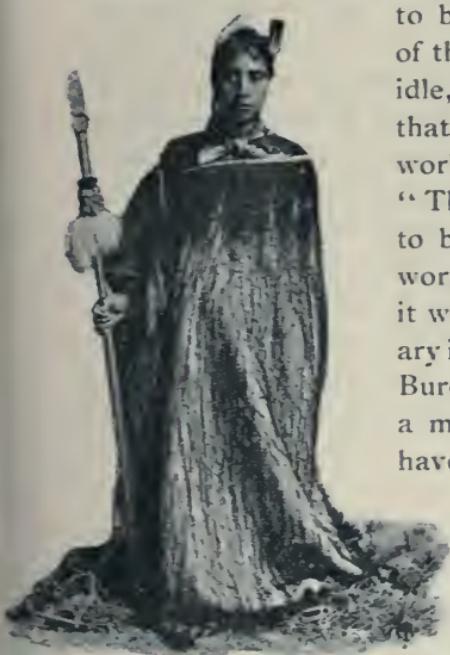
MAORI SALUTATION.

LABOUR LEGISLATION.

THE Government, amongst other measures, has founded a Labour Bureau, and no doubt there will be plenty of useful work for such a department. In England we have Boards of Trade, Boards of Agriculture, Foreign Office, Colonial Office, and scores of other departments; and yet, although labour in one form or another is the lot of ninety-nine out of every hundred able-bodied adults in the kingdom, we had not until recently any Government department specially constituted to deal with labour questions. From a speech of one of the members of the New Zealand Government, I note the special duty of the bureau to be as follows:—"Are there trees in one part of the Island to be felled or land

to be cleared, and men in another part of the Island standing at the street corners idle, but willing to do it, then it was right that those men should be taken to the work so that they could earn wages. "The business of the bureau was not to bring work to every one who wanted work, but to bring men to work wherever it was available." Not a very revolutionary interpretation of the duties of a Labour Bureau as seen from the point of view of a member of the Labour Party. Yet have heard, whilst in New Zealand, the

institution of this bureau assailed as Socialistic by the opponents of the Government, but whether the charge they also make that is used as a means of political



positive in denying it. It is to be hoped that such charges are perfectly groundless, for if there is one thing more certain than another, it is that if the Labour Party are to maintain their present hold they have on the confidence of the people, it can only be by the conduct of government on the lines of public integrity.

Amongst other measures of the present Government, there is one for the protection of the native birds, animals, and plants of New Zealand, and for this purpose an island is to be purchased and set apart as a sort of native Zoological and Botanical Garden. Undoubtedly this is a most useful measure, and clearly shows that a Labour Government is not unmindful of the welfare of science. Another useful act is the Shop Assistants' Hours Bill, regulating the hours of shop assistants. These and other measures passed by the present Government tend to prove that it is a competent, capable, and sound Government, and that the fears of those who are alarmed for the future of the English race, because of the probability that there will be in the future a greater share of political power in the hands of the Labour Party than has been wielded by them in the past, are utterly without foundation. If these nervous people would only carefully study history, they would come to the conclusion that just as all the revolutions the world has ever seen have been brought about by the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the few, accompanied by the political serfdom of the many, so the best guarantee for the progress, development, and prosperity of a nation, is only to be found in the grant of a full political power and liberty to the people, than whom no portion of a nation sooner feel the effects of good or bad legislation; and, consequently, than whom no portion of a nation can be so safely relied on to uphold the one and repel the other.

I would not have it thought to be my opinion that there is any form of government that can be devised that will be free from faults and imperfections. I have not the slightest doubt that had I stayed longer in New Zealand I should have found that the present Government have been guilty of as many

that considering this is the first opportunity the Labour Party have had of using their power, they have used it with singular moderation, and have shown the desire and capacity to govern wisely and in a statesmanlike manner. But whatever has been the result in New Zealand, or whatever may be the result there in the future, will not alter the principle that the only safe Government is that which rests on the people, and in which every class of which the nation is composed are fairly and impartially represented.

We spent New Year's Day at sea on our voyage from New Zealand to Melbourne, *via* Tasmania. It is wonderful how such an occasion will draw all the passengers together, cementing old friendships and making new ones. We thought of all our friends at home and tried to imagine exactly what they would be doing. Altogether, New Year's day at sea has a solemnity and impressiveness which one never realises on land.

We arrived at Hobart, Tasmania, at noon on Bank Holiday January 2nd, and a beautiful day it was, bright and clear, the hot sun tempered with cool breezes. We found the city itself entirely deserted, for it there is one thing more dear to the heart of a Colonial than another it is a holiday ; and especially so on that holiday there are races, cricket matches, yachting, other sports to be seen. In love of sport they are even more English than the English. And their beautiful climate, which allows everyone to wear light dresses without fear of the consequences, and the absence of any of those signs of poverty and wretchedness which we unfortunately meet with on such occasions at home, combine to produce a picture that can never be forgotten, and make a general holiday in Australia one of the happiest sights imaginable. We left Hobart just as the holiday makers were returning, and enjoyed a fine moonlight sail down the harbour, arriving in Melbourne the Wednesday following.

AUSTRALIA.

A STRANGER visiting Sydney is sure to be asked one question, "Have you seen our harbour?" Although we asked scores of other questions in Melbourne, no one alluded to the harbour, but as if to make up for their shortcomings



FAIRY BOWER, MAULY.

respect—for their harbour is merely a canal, like the Caledonian Canal in Glasgow—Melbourne itself is one of the finest cities in the world. Built on the American plan, with broad straight streets, the streets crossing each other at right angles, and with lofty, many-story

were all built with borrowed money at a time when the surplus capital of England was literally forced on the Colonies, it is quite clear that the question of expense had no place in the calculations of those who designed them. We could not help recalling the many shabby public buildings we have at home and regretting that some portion of this "surplus capital" was not devoted to providing us with buildings that would be more worthy of our large cities and enable them to take their proper place amongst the cities of the world. Any third-rate town or city on the Continent, or in America, or in the Colonies, in this respect, could put to the blush our cities at home. It appears to me that we are just as much behind the age in public building as our Colonies are in advance, and I say in advance because it does not appear sound for a young nation to go to unnecessary and luxurious expense in buildings, until the same can be done without resorting to loans. It is impossible to visit Melbourne without admiring the completeness of the cable tramway system there—which is produced by private enterprise—nor without comparing it with the Government tramways at Sydney which are probably the worst the world can show. But it is not only in the plan of the city, the width and straightness of its streets and tramway system, that Melbourne approaches the American models, but also in a thousand other details. You cannot please a Melbourne man more than to say how American everything is. Sydney, on the other hand, is thoroughly English city, reminding one of a blend of Manchester and Liverpool, and the Sydneyite prides himself on being English to the backbone, claiming that the business done in his city is more solid and settled than the business of Melbourne. Certainly, Sydney during the last few years has made more progress than Melbourne in commerce, and is to-day securing a greater proportion of the trade of all Australasia.

AUSTRALIAN DAIRY FARMING.

IN one respect Victoria at the present time is in advance of New South Wales, and that is in the dairy industry. Whilst we were in Victoria we visited a butter factory, and we also visited one in New South Wales. Both are conducted on exactly the same system. In Victoria there are many such factories, and the industry is well established, whilst in New South Wales there are few. The industry is in its infancy. The following is, as nearly as we can describe it, the system adopted in butter factories in Australia. The system is founded on a right knowledge of the laws that govern economical and skilful production in all industries—division of labour. Just as the man who grows cotton does not attempt to manufacture it into calico, so the farmer who devotes all his energy to the growth of cotton alone, under the modern factory system of butter making, does not make the butter. The farmer who produces the milk does not make it into butter, but devotes all his energy to producing more milk. The butter factory itself is generally placed in some large town or city, and has in connection with it a number of small creameries scattered through the country districts, each fitted up with the necessary centrifugal separators for extracting the cream from the milk. The butter factory does not want the skim milk. It only wants the cream. Therefore it buys only the cream from the farmer, paying him at the rate of threepence to fourpence for the cream contained in one gallon of milk, the farmer retaining the skim milk for feeding purposes. The milk is tested, and if not up to the normal standard a corresponding reduction in payment is made. These creameries are conducted at very small expense, and therefore each factory has a great number of them, conveniently placed to reach all the farms in a district. The cream is

any required temperature, as can also the dairy where the butter is made, worked, and finally packed for shipment. In the churn room are a number of churns, each capable of producing 800 lbs. of butter in from twenty to thirty minutes. From the churns the butter is taken to an adjoining room where it is properly worked, salted, and packed, but during all these processes it is not once touched by hand. We all know the importance of an even temperature if butter of one uniform good quality is to be produced. To ensure this the dairy is provided with a heating apparatus, consisting of hot water pipes, for use in winter, by the aid of which, and of the cold air engine in summer, the temperature never varies the year round. The factory we saw in Victoria can produce 112,000 lbs. of butter each week, and the owners will guarantee every pound to be of exactly the same quality. I suppose, roughly speaking, this quantity of butter represents the produce of 15,000 to 20,000 cows, or, allowing an average of 30 cows to each farm, the produce of from 500 to 650 farms. And now we see the twofold advantage of this system, for it is clear that, owing to the variation in temperature, if each farmer made his own milk and butter, it could not be so good in quality as the butter made with the aid of the modern appliances at the factory, and, in addition, there would be no two farmers with quality alike, and secondly, the labour required to make the butter at over 500 farms would be incomparably greater than the labour at one central factory, aided by steam power, etc. In consequence the system is a thorough success.

It would appear that the English farmer ought to find this system equally profitable in England. In the first place, he would save the serious expense of one penny per pound, the cost of freight on the Australian butter home. In addition, his butter, lightly salted and quite fresh, would command at least twopence per pound over the Australian butter, which is about two months old before it can reach the consumer. Might not dairy farming on these lines be further developed in England? Of course all land at home is not suitable for dairy purposes, but it is equally true that all the land that is suitable is not so use-

are not in a position to judge what dairy farming in England will become. In Australia dairy farm land is almost as dear, quite as dear, when near the cities, as the same class of land in England, and yet, in Australia, even at the extremely low prices realized for the cream, dairying is viewed as the most promising of all farming. I ought not to forget to mention that the Government in Australia takes what some would be inclined to call a paternal interest in agriculture and dairying. Government expense, lecturers travel through country districts, instructing the farmers how to make the best of their land, the most suitable crops for them to cultivate; and also the most suitable methods of dairying. Many people do not believe in the expense being thrown on the public, call it "grandmotherish," and declare that it would be just as proper to send rooks to teach the village blacksmith his business at the public expense. Undoubtedly, there is much truth in this. But at the present time it is quite clear that if the blacksmith did not understand his business, or was behindhand in modern methods of shoeing, it would be a thousand times better for the public that experts should be sent at Government expense to teach him than to have all the horses in the country only able to stand still. The work they were capable of if shod according to the modern methods. I must not omit to mention that the bonus, which the Victorian Government have hitherto given on the export of cream, ceases this winter. It was a pernicious system, and is certain that the money paid as bonus never got further than the pockets of the exporters. The price the farmer got for his cream has been unaffected by it. His price is the same in New South Wales, where no bonus has ever been given, as in Victoria, where the bonus has been given.

Probably the dearest item of living in Australia is house-rent. To anyone fresh from the old country the rents asked in the cities and towns of Australia are simply astounding. A woman's cottage, with three bedrooms, would be hard to find in Sydney at less than 13s. to 15s. per week, and with a price of 20s. a week would be the rent asked. Small semi-detached houses, and cottages, could be got at home for £1000 or £1200.

rate of wages is one shilling per hour who cannot average more than 20s. per week, and judging from all I could learn, I do not think that, taking all Australia, the condition of the working man is superior to that of his brother at home. And it is clear that the seemingly high rate of wages and the irregular nature of most of the employment have a decidedly demoralising effect on those engaged in such work. Take wool shearers, for instance. For two months these men can make £6 to £9 per week by working at what, for want of a better word, I must call the "concert pitch." Then it is all over, and as a result of the strain, and being flush with cash, they naturally spend some portion, perhaps in some cases even all, of their earnings in drink; so that, after deducting their expenses to and from the sheep runs, there is little left to keep wife and family on, and consequently they have to depend on anything that may turn up to find them work for the rest of the year. The same, only in less degree, now applies to stonemasons, joiners, etc. The wages are higher than in England, but work is not steady, and I gather that at the present time many have not had employment for some months. In fact, deputations have lately waited on the Government demanding that fresh public buildings be commenced to find them employment. The only reply the Government could make was that it was impossible to borrow the necessary money. Had they been able to do so, fresh public buildings would, no doubt, have been commenced, not because they were required for the business of the country, but to maintain an unnatural state of affairs—a rate of wages the country cannot afford to give. I do not, therefore, consider the position of the workman in Australia superior to that of his brother at home, but distinctly inferior. Protection, which makes most of the necessaries of life dear, and the high rents which must be met every week, are heavy handicaps in life's race. If a man is out of work he may live on little food, he may put off buying clothing and many other expenses, but he cannot put off rent day, and if the rent is high, most of his wages, when he is again in work, will have to go to the landlord.

But it is not only house rents that are high. Shop and offic-

England is one of great difficulty, but in Australia it is even worse. In the Colonies a small man has not sufficient to buy well, so even if he had the capital he cannot import own goods, and, therefore, cannot compete with larger men who are able to do this. Of course, large buyers always have advantage over smaller ones, but what I wish to make out is that the advantages reaped by the former in Australia are much greater than is the case at home, that small buyers are in a very much worse position than small buyers at home. There is no room for a man with a little capital to start a business in Australia. He will do infinitely better at home. In the only class there is an opening for in the Colonies at the present time are men with a little capital and some knowledge of agriculture and farming. These will do much better in the Colonies than at home; and no other class will. Clerks and professionals are probably as a whole greater sufferers in the Colonies than any other class.

SYDNEY AND BRISBANE.

WHAT a lovely harbour Sydney possesses, and how justly proud the Sydneyites are of it! You are sure to be asked by everyone you meet this one question, "Have you seen our harbour?" This gets a little monotonous after, say, the one hundredth repetition, and finally, in desperation, you go to see the harbour, perhaps even arrange to devote a whole day to seeing it. You are astonished at its beauty, and still more



LAVENDER BAY AND SYDNEY.

astonished to find that you could not explore the whole of it anything less than a week, and that even then you would not

and wooded to the water's edge. Here are peaceful beaches, there steep precipitous rocks, whilst dotted about are beautiful wooded islets. At no point do the opposite shores appear more than two or three miles away, and in most cases not more than one mile. The villas and houses, nestled amongst the trees and along the shores, make one envy the happy mortals who have found such delightful situations for their homes. There is one drawback, however, from the bather's point of view—this peaceful harbour, looking so safe and still, is the happy hunting ground of the shark, and the unsuspecting bathing parties are occasionally raided by the "man eater," with fatal results. From the yachtsman's point of view, another drawback is that sudden gusts of wind descend on his craft, and if the spreading canvas cannot be quickly lowered, all that the most skilful can do will not be enough to save him. But there is "no rose without a thorn," and with some drawbacks one must expect to find in every favourable situation in the world over. At home we have our grumble at the weather. Out in Sydney such a thing is impossible. Therefore, in accordance with Nature, knowing that humanity can never be truly happy, she has provided out something to grumble at, thoughtfully providing a grievance.

The Australian climate appears to approach very nearly to the ideal. I must confess that before we landed there had been rather alarmed by accounts of the thermometer regularly reaching 123 degrees in the shade, but—and we suppose our experience is the average one—we never saw the thermometer in the shade rise above on one occasion 95 degrees, on two or three occasions 90 degrees, and, perhaps, on half a dozen occasions, 85 degrees. During all the rest of our stay in Australia the thermometer varied from 75 to 80 degrees. The air is so fresh and invigorating that, with cool clothing, this temperature is rather agreeable than otherwise. But, then, our friends told us we were extremely lucky in the weather. We must admit that we were so lucky on our visit to Brisbane, for, if all accounts are true, we could not have had a warmer reception there. A story was told us of a man who had lived half his life at Brisbane. He had not been

to implore to be allowed to take back a few blankets. "It was so cold down there." Probably this story is not founded on fact—it may only have been circulated by other cities, jealous of the success of Brisbane, just as certain cities talk about the coldness of Toronto and Montreal.

The man who told us, however, said he knew a man who knew a man who had seen the brother of the



H.M.S. "KATOOMBA," OFF BRISBANE.

VICTORIA BRIDGE,
BRISBANE.

dead man—therefore give it as it was told us—and to show that we had every reason to expect it to be hot at Brisbane

Even as we went up in the train we read accounts in the papers that they were having the hottest week known in Brisbane for many years; that the thermometer registered 115 degrees in the shade, and 147 degrees in the sun. Well, the very night we landed in Brisbane, the heat, which had lasted without a break for five days, ended in a storm, and next day the thermometer

cold it was and how very liable people were to take a cold weather. Now when one meets with people who degrees in the shade cold and chilly, it is only reasonable to suppose they are accustomed to something hotter. This is our experience as to Australia having an ideal climate, an exaggerated one. We hoped we had at least found a place in the world where the clerk of the weather attended to his duties properly, and where he produced the very best account of his line this world is capable of.

AUSTRALIA AND ONE MAN ONE VOTE.

I MUST not forget to mention a subject that just now is engaging public attention in New South Wales, especially as the same question will shortly be before our own Parliament at home, and that is "One man one vote." The Lower House having passed a bill providing for this, it has now to be dealt with by the Upper House. In that august assembly it has had the effect of producing a great deal of solicitude and fear that the passing of such a bill would discourage the practise of thrift in the colony. The Upper House professes to agree entirely with the principle of "one man one vote," but says that to make it law would have the effect of discouraging "thrift," since by such a bill, the man who possesses no property, houses, or land—the man with "no stake in the country," nothing, in fact, but his manhood,—would have just the same vote as the man who by thrift had acquired some share of this world's goods. "This," says the Upper House, "must necessarily discourage the thrifty man, which is not a wise thing to do. On the contrary, he ought to be encouraged to a still greater practice of thrift, by giving him an extra vote for the possession of that virtue." Well, we know we are only a slow-going lot at home, otherwise we should be at a loss to tell how it is that our social reformers have been so behind the age as not to have made the discovery of how great a power for good may be made of that much abused custodian of our liberties—the Ballot Box. But, now that the discovery has been given to the world, surely such an enormous power for good will not be confined to the Colonies. Let England enjoy her share of the blessing. Now that we know an extra vote will encourage virtue, it should not be long

sobriety, we must give a vote for sobriety ; bravery, we must give a vote for bravery ; unselfishness, we must give a vote for unselfishness ; honesty, we must give a vote for honesty ; truthfulness, we must give a vote for truthfulness ; we must give a vote for each virtue taught and preached by our Saviour ; we must give a vote for the keeping of each of the Ten Commandments. It would be little less than a criminal neglect of duty if we did not give a vote for the blessings of this beautiful and simple system were confined to the encouragement of only one solitary virtue ; and especially when that is a virtue which many think is not even one of the most exalted for man to aspire to. A man might practise thrift in the very highest degree without being remarkable for the possession of any other virtue ; nay, he might even lack the other virtues, and yet not be seriously handicapped in the practice of thrift. A man might lead a useful and blameless life, and practise thrift in order to feed, clothe, and educate his family, or in order to support father, mother, or sick relatives, and because, whilst practising thrift, he practised also a virtue, the law of Christ, " Bear ye one another's burdens, and so ye shall not faint." He might never have that outward show of thrift—the guinea stamp for it—the ownership of property.

We all know that even now the lot of the revising body is not a happy one, especially when, say, the agents of the two political parties are fighting like two dogs for a bone at a knotty point in some lodger's claim for a vote. But it is a bed of roses compared to what it would be had he to decide the claims for "votes for thrift." Just fancy the evidence that would be hunted up to support the claims brought forward by the energetic secretaries, Liberal and Conservative. I remember of a rich man whose will, when he died, was sworn at over millions sterling, who once in a mad fit of generosity—he was not to be too severely blamed for this, such a thing occurring seldom—gave his cowman a worn-out pair of boots. Within a few days' time the rich man again saw his cowman, he was not surprised, because that does not half express my feelings, I had better say dumbfounded, to notice that the

I have done with them." There would be no resisting such evidence as the above in support of a claim for a "vote for thrift." In fact, it ought to win two votes, one for the master and one for the man, and then fancy the haul it would be to the party which secured such interesting evidence.

We can imagine the result of the evidence, say in the next case, that of a man who had brought up a large family on small wages, and who, though he had never missed a day's work in his life, and although his wife had darned and turned, hemmed and stitched the clothes of the family, yet had never succeeded in doing more than keep out of debt, after the landlord had had his rent and he himself a "pipe of 'bacca.'" Such evidence as this would never get a vote for thrift. The revising barrister would point out with great force and logic that the "pipe of 'bacca'" was fatal to the claim; and however much he regretted it under the circumstances, he had no other course than to disallow the vote.

Of course all this time I am supposing that the claim to a vote for thrift would be settled on evidence of thrift, but I must confess there is no foundation for this supposition. I rather gathered it from what I heard in New South Wales, that in proposing a vote for thrift, it was not intended to make it necessary to have any very deep inquiry into the practice of that virtue. It was simply proposed to settle the right to a vote for thrift on evidence of ownership of property. If a man had property, he would get his vote for thrift, though he were the greatest spendthrift that ever wasted a fortune. If he had no property, then he would get no vote for thrift, though he were the very embodiment of that virtue. In short, the so-called vote for thrift is only a colonial development of the old Tory dodge tersely described by Mr. Gladstone as "deck loading." The Upper House, knowing it dare not refuse passage to the good ship, "one man one vote," hopes that by deck loading her with a so-called "vote for thrift," it may either sink the ship or deprive the owners of any profit should she reach port in safety.

It is strange to notice what a strong family likeness there is in the proceedings of Upper Houses of Parliament the world over.

appear to be impressed with the one idea—that they exist to maintain the power and influence of property on a altogether out of proportion to what property is fairly entitled to; that they must stand through all eternity, a faithful pledged to keep back the rising tide of democracy, or like heroes in the attempt. They cannot see that such measures as "one man one vote, the transferring of power from the few to the many, are merely the natural outcome and development of the growth of intellect in the nation, brought about by educational facilities and a cheap and free press. They certainly do not realize the true position, which is, that those who advocate such measures as "one man one vote," are fighting on the side of law and order and of constitutional government, whilst those who oppose such measures are doing all that is in their power to make a way for the anarchist and communists.

AUSTRALIA AND FREE TRADE.

If I have had very little to say about the natural wonders and beauties of Australia, it must not be supposed that Australia is not rich in these, but merely that it was our misfortune not to be able to visit them. The fact is that all our time in Australia was spent in the cities and towns. The wonders of the Blue Mountains, of the Janolan Caves, and of bush life, are all unknown to us. We did hope that at least we should see the kangaroo on his "native heather," but the only kangaroos we saw were some dejected looking specimens in the Adelaide Zoological Gardens. We did not see half a dozen rabbits in all Australia, and yet we must believe the statement that there are millions there. We are quite willing to endorse the asser-



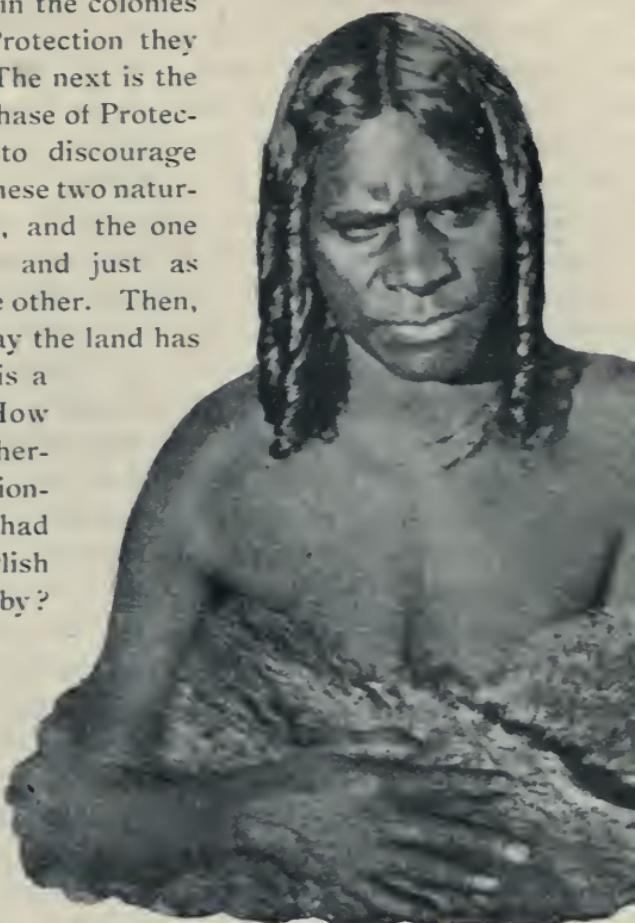
something Australian to take home, we were reduced to the necessity of buying at a shop in Sydney a stuffed specimen animal—the ornithorincus—or some such name it is known by. The name is curious enough, but the animal is still more so, because it combines with the bill of a duck, the fur of the flesh and skeleton of a reptile, lays eggs like a hen, and suckles its young like the familiar cat. It is clear, as any one can see after such a description as this, that our friends at home would be quite justified in believing we had the specimen mounted in a glass case, and exhibited in some freakish order, like Barnum's mermaid, and as we have never seen the animal in its native lair, why of course we can only refer to the shopman—a very weak and ridiculous position for travellers to be in. We have to take up, and one for which there is no precedent, and the same with regard to the native Blackfellow and his gin. Our knowledge of them and of their boomerang and spear-throwing feats is limited to the Saturday afternoon performances of a tribe in the grounds of the old Melbourne Exhibition, and even this performance will probably be just as well seen at the Royal Aquarium, London, in a few months time. Of course it may be argued that this is, after all, the most comfortable way to see them. That to journey hundreds of miles up country, sleeping at night by the camp fire on which we had just eaten our supper of "dampers," and boiled our "billy" of tea, and if anything but an ostrich could sleep after such a supper, we may not sleep very well, but one might find it a little too "roughing it" for him, being accustomed to hotels with elevators and call-boys.

But if we could not enjoy the pleasures of a trip up the country, we can the better indulge in one pleasure dearest of all to the heart of a globe trotter. And in indulging without restraint in this pleasure, the fact that I was only three or four weeks in Australia need not be allowed to restrain me in the slightest. Nay, the shorter the globe trotter's stay in a country, the more charms this pleasure has for him, because greater acquaintance with the country, by increasing his knowledge, would undoubtedly shatter many of his pet schemes and theories; and if his knowledge of the country were great indeed, he would probably find himself without a

knows, is to point out some of the shortcomings of the country and the way to put everything to rights.

Being a Free Trader, naturally the first thing that strikes me is a huge blunder in the colonies is the policy of Protection they have adopted. The next is the working man's phase of Protection—a desire to discourage immigration. These two naturally go together, and the one is just as wise and just as reasonable as the other. Then, of course, the way the land has been dealt with is a big mistake. How could it be otherwise, when the pioneer law makers had only the English model to go by? Railways, from the question of gauges up to the system of rates and charges, are worked on a wrong system. And as to the finances, they speak for themselves, and he must be a very poor specimen of the globe trotter who could not tell Australia about that.

If a man is at all shaky in his views on Free Trade, let him visit Protectionist countries. I know of nothing that will soon convince him that Free Trade is not only the best for the world but also the best for the country that adopts it, even with a *little* of it.



AUSTRALIAN VENUS.

brothers in the countries I have named. And the curious thing is, the Protectionist does not know what more he can do to matters right without approaching to Free Trade. For when it was possible to argue that duties were not high enough, it was thought that it was only necessary to increase them to rectify any evil. Now, when duties can no longer be increased without their becoming not Protection but Prohibition, men are as far off being right as ever. Take the woollen industry of Victoria, for instance. One would expect that as the wages were raised at the very door of the mill, whilst the Bradford Continental manufacturers must be put to heavy expense in carriage, woollen manufacture would be a native industry in Victoria. But it is not so. To quote from the Melbourne Age, Mr. Deakin, a Protectionist member of the Victoria Parliament, said, in a speech in the House, "This woollen industry presented more problems to him, as a Protectionist, than any other colony. This industry, which ought to be a success, which was natural, if any industry was natural, in which they ought to have their mills not only readily commanding the local market, and also invading outside markets, was continually before them the sickly complaint of need of support. The problem was, that these mills were not a success, which, according to his theory, they ought to be, and why they needed this continually increasing measure of Protection." We have always heard that in protected industries the wages of the working man were high—in fact, good wages to the workman are promised as a compensation against the certainty that he will have to pay more for the commodities he buys. And yet this is what Mr. Deakin, a Protectionist, mind, says in the same speech, "the wages paid in this industry (woollen), were not in proportion to the intelligence of the employees, or the hours they worked."

But even the Protectionists themselves do not dare to advocate Protection at a time when the credit of their country is at a low ebb. One would expect that, at a time when things were in a bad way, then would be just the opportunity Protectionists had been long for, in order to show the virtues of their method. And we hear what the Premier of New South Wales—Sir George Grey—had to say

views on the necessity for a Protective tariff far more stringent than at present, but they held it to be their first duty to restore the credit of the colony." Why, this is the very thing the Protectionists claim that Protection will do. But they know would do no such thing, and being really alarmed at the state of affairs, they prefer a Free Trade income tax "to restore the credit of the colony," after which they will try more stringent Protection than ever—if the credit of the colony is robust enough to stand it.

The Melbourne *Argus* gave a collection of the sayings of Protectionists in the Colonies, from which I take the following:—

"That infant industries need Protection, but the older the infant industries grow, the more Protection they require." "That taxing an article makes it cheaper." "That making an article cheaper enables the manufacturer to pay higher wages to his workmen." "That inter-colonial Free Trade is a necessity, but it would be grossly unfair not to tax products coming from the sister states." "That to raise revenue from customs, you should impose duties that would stop importations." "That Protection lowers prices, but that farmers are entitled to compensation for having to pay more for (protected) commodities." "That Protection destroys the importers' monopoly, which is good, and will give the manufacturer a monopoly, which is better."

A curious incident occurred in Victoria, over duties imposed by a provisional bill—on the strength of which the duties were collected—whereas the bill was finally rejected. The question then arose as to refunding the duty paid. The very same member who had stated when the bill was under discussion that the duties would not increase prices, because they would be paid by the importer and not by the consumer, when the bill was afterwards rejected, opposed the duties being refunded to the importer, on the grounds that he had not actually paid them but had charged them on to the retailer, who had charged them to the consumer. These two speeches were made within five days of each other. But a grocer told me the most amusing story. One of his customers, a Protectionist, complained that the price charged in a certain account was an increase on former

the importer paid the duties, and not us." After a lot of the grocer convinced his customer that, notwithstanding the member said, this could not be so—showed him what goods cost and what the duty amounted to, and finally the man that importers could not pay the duties. "Then more Protection for me," said the customer, as he left.

You would expect that Protectionists everywhere would be disappointed at the victory of Cleveland as a blow to their cause. But it is not so. Australia would gladly see America adopt Free Trade to-morrow. I have never met in all my travels a Protectionist living outside England who wished to see Protection established in England, or anywhere else for that matter, beyond the frontiers of his own country. This is so common a state of mind among Protectionists that it clearly shows the hollowness of the claim that all men, or body of men, believe in Protection. No man, or body of men, believe in Protection, although there are thoroughly honest men who think they do. But if they carefully analysed the cause of their own belief, they would find that it rested not on the theory that Protection is good in itself, but on the shoals and quicks of the theory that Protection appears likely to put money into their own pockets. So far as the manufacturers and workmen concerned, this ultimately proves to be a complete fallacy. The history of protected industries shows—industries that have started in the colonies under the wing of protected tariff—have shown the most wonderful capacity for losing money. The consequence is that Protectionists, finding their protected factories a failure, cry out for inter-colonial Free Trade, which is a step, even if a small step, nearer to Free Trade. When they get this, their protected industries will still be in the minority, and they will cry out—some are doing so already—for Free Trade with Great Britain, with some sort of Protection against the rest of the world. This would be another step away from Protection and towards Free Trade. But, mind, it is not the Free Traders who ask for this step to be taken, but the Protectionists. Free Trade kills commercially local manufacturers, will the manufacturers be any happier if killed by Free Trade with the rest of the world?

get a step nearer Free Trade, as if it represented the flesh power of Egypt, is a contradiction to the doctrine of Protection. " 'Tis a mad world, my masters," and of all mad worlds the Protectionists' world is the maddest.

It is only natural that since the manufacturers get Protection the farmer and workman should look for a certain measure of Protection also. This takes the form not exactly of prohibiting the immigration of competing farmers and workmen, but of preventing the Government from taking any steps to facilitate immigration. The farmer and workman will not allow State aided immigration, which they think would interfere with their interests. Any Government that brought out such a scheme would be certain to meet with defeat, and yet some such scheme is most urgently required for the opening up of the colonies. And this opposition is bound to exist as long as Protection is the policy of the country. It cannot be otherwise. Do away with the one and the other will die a natural death, and then will follow the rapid development of the colonies and increased prosperity for all.

AUSTRALIA AND THE LAND QUESTION

“WATER, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink,” we read this, “Land, land, everywhere, and not a acre to till,” it would hardly be any exaggeration of the position of the land question in Australia. For the land available for the market at a reasonable price and of good quality is not rightly situated for the markets, and the land that is right for the markets is of good quality and is firmly held by speculators for a rise, and the prices they ask for what little they are willing from time to time to sell, make it dearer when cleared, fenced, and provided



A SETTLER'S HUT.

buildings, than would be the price of similar land in England. The manner in which the land of the country has been dealt with in the early history of the colonies, and the way in which it has passed out of the hands of the people without any corresponding advantage to the State, is one of the greatest hindrances to the social and development of Australia. Men are

of one pound per acre. Having acquired millions of acres on these easy terms, the owners "sit down" and wait the development of the surrounding country to reap their "unearned increment." Take the case of one well-known English-Australian Land Company. In the early years of Australian colonization they acquired over one million acres of the best land on the above easy terms. Coal was afterwards discovered, both under their land and also under adjoining land, which they did not own. Not satisfied with this lucky find, for which they had not paid one farthing, they actually tried to stop the coal being worked on the adjoining land, claiming that their deeds gave them the sole right to get coal in that colony. Of course the court decided against them, and their monopoly was broken up. Everyone can see that had they succeeded in making good their monstrous claim, it would have stifled the manufacturing and other industries on which the progress of the colony depended, but everyone cannot so readily see that the ownership, or, in other words, monopoly of one million acres of land by one man or company is, equally, morally wrong, and equally against the progress of the colony. But this is so, as is shown by its effect on the colony as a whole, and on the town that has sprung up in that neighbourhood. The town is growing all on one side, extending on the adjoining land that is uncontrolled by the Land Company, because the Land Company hold for extreme prices. Their land, having cost nothing, does not eat itself up in interest, and therefore they can afford to do this. Some years back the town wished to acquire a few acres of the Company's land for the purposes of a recreation ground, when the price asked for it was £1,000 per acre. This raised such a hue and cry, that they alarmed for the consequences, the Company, with as good grace as they could assume, at short notice, elected to make the town a present of the land.

What is the consequence of this abominable state of affairs? Within a radius of 100 miles of Sydney, there is not an acre of land that the settler could buy at its fair honest value, and therefore the settler has to take "back blocks," whence to get his produce to market he has to pay such heavy charges for freight.

There was a time, no doubt, when owners would have been considered to be well within their rights in dealing with their land in any way they thought best in their own interest. But there are unmistakable signs that this is no longer the case. Property has its rights, but it also has its duties, and if it neglects the latter it has no claim to the enjoyment of the former. No man can now claim the right to "do what he likes with his own." The law has stepped in, in a thousand instances, and exploded that doctrine so morally wrong. And it can not be a short time longer before right judgment will prevail in regard to this burning evil of ownership of land by those who do not put it to its best uses. When that day comes the owner will be told, "We recognise the rights you have in the land you possess, but there is a greater right even than that, and that is the right of the people to access to the land on equitable terms, that they may put the land to the best use it is capable of, and find employment for themselves and their children. To secure this in future, our land taxation will be graduated that whilst it falls very lightly on those whose land is put to proper uses, it will fall with crushing force on the holders of big estates whose land is not being put to proper uses. It shall be as extravagant a luxury to hold land negligently as it is to keep a yacht or a stud of hunting-horses. It is not profitable to hold land that is put to its best uses as it is to keep a ship or a team of wagon horses."

AUSTRALIAN RAILWAYS AND FINANCE.

A STRANGER arriving at Melbourne and wishing to go to Sydney would be astonished to find that before he could pass into New South Wales he would be compelled, no matter what hour of the day or night, to change carriages, simply because there is a 5ft. 3in. gauge in Victoria, and a 4ft. 8½in. gauge in New South Wales. In Queensland again the gauge is 3ft. 6in. and in South Australia 5ft. 3in. If you ask a Melbourne man why this is so, he answers, "Oh, that is the confounded jealousy of the Sydney people. We had our railways first, why could not they take the same gauge? It was not likely we would alter to suit them." If you ask a Sydney man he says, "The Melbourne gauge is all wrong. Our gauge is the gauge of the world. I is just like Melbourne to take something different to all the rest of the world and then expect us to follow. We are right, they are wrong." The fact is no one can realize the jealousy between the Australian colonies who has not visited them. However this jealousy is not so great to-day as it used to be, and there are signs that it will soon be a thing of the past.

But if the gauges on the Australian railways are bad the rates and charges are worse. They seem to have been specially designed to discourage the use of railways as much as possible. The following, from the Year Book of New South Wales, 1893, will give some idea of railway rates. "The maximum rate for any class of merchandise (except explosives) from Sydney to Bourke (500 miles) will be £41 per truck load not exceeding six tons. A rebate of £5. per truck on general merchandise, and £6 per truck on sugar, rice, unwrought and galvanised iron, etc. Smaller quantities at the ordinary mileage rates." Such rates must simply kill any farming industry up country. A Sydney broker told me that it is not unusual for up-country sheep, semi-

of carriage and expenses. Now the object of railways on a huge continent like Australia, as elsewhere, is to annihilate distance so as to connect all parts of the country with the centres of population. And it is clear that, where the railways belong to the people themselves, it is directly against the interests to make railway rates so high that a monopoly is created to those who, by their situation as regards the market, are protected from competition with those whose produce cannot be brought to market by payment of heavy railway rates. If high rates on their railways, the Government become part of a monopoly. This is not the system on which Government railway rates ought to be based. There is only one way to make the railways pay the nation properly, and at the same time place every part of the country on an equal footing, that is to annihilate distance in fixing rates. Just as there is one uniform rate for postage and telegrams within a kingdom, regardless of distance, so there ought to be one uniform rate per ton for carriage on the railways and one uniform rate for passengers, regardless of distance. It will all work out on the basis of the average carriage per ton, and the average fare per passenger. This is shown, in a smaller way, by the experience in letter postage, telegrams, and parcels post. At present the expense on the long distance trains is not the distance, but the few passengers who travel long distances. And so with goods, it is not the haulage of a greater or smaller number of miles that is costly, but the terminal charges. The experience of the parcels post in this matter is a guide. A 7-pound parcel costs a shilling to send to the next town, say 10 miles away, and it only costs the same to send it to the furthest corner of the kingdom, say 500 miles away. But because of this, everyone does not send parcels 500 miles only—they send them wherever their destination is, regardless of distance, with the result that the system proves a sound one. To be in a position to work railways on such a system as this, that is to say, in the same way that Government now works the post and telegraph service, appears to me to be the only advantage that can be reaped by the nation owning its own railways.

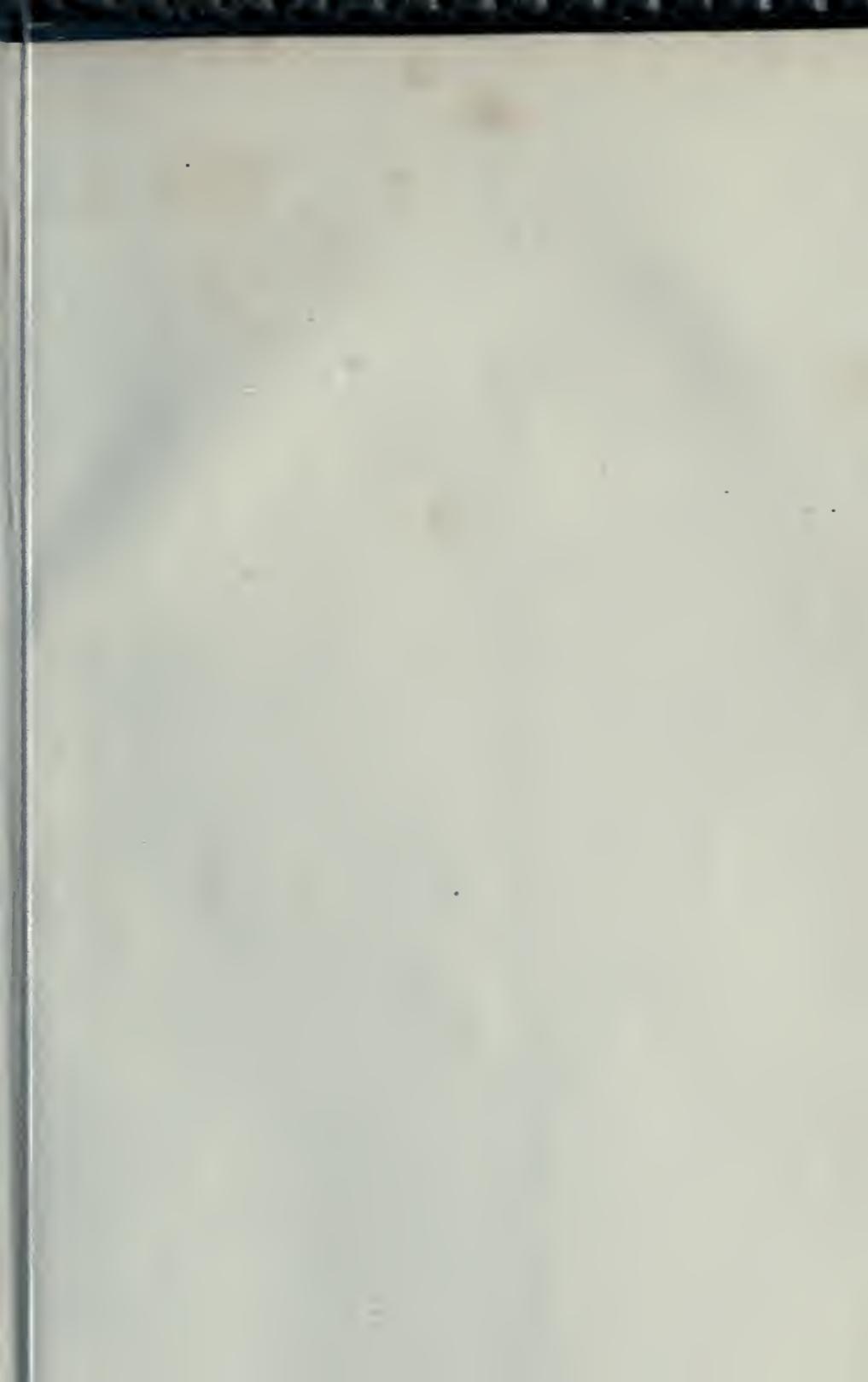
AUSTRALIAN RAILWAYS AND FINANCE.

Government to bear the loss on the foreign cable and telegraph services. At present the heavy railway rates press entirely upon the struggling up country settler and crush him almost out of existence. If there were any loss, which could only be in the initiation of the system, it would fall with lightness on the whole nation, who would gain more than they lost thereby, for they would have command of every market and centre of production and distribution in the kingdom, and break the monopoly in any one district.

During our visit to Australia the all absorbing question in the newspapers was the finances of the Colonies. I do not think a gloomy view of the financial position of the Colonies. Their indebtedness certainly looks at first sight heavy, but in reality it is not so. The only fair way to view the matter is to consider, how much do the Colonies owe, but what they have got to show for it. And viewed in this light, if properly marketed, their railways, tramways, waterworks, and other productive works, alone, would, I am informed, realize close upon, if not fully, the total amount of their debts. But there is one respect in which the Colonies are not sound, and that is the extravagance of their expenditure. Every succeeding Government pledges itself to reduce expenditure, and just as certainly ends by increasing it. No government has yet been found strong enough to carry out a policy of retrenchment. Whilst we were in Sydney a policy of repentance and economy was in full operation, the Government of New South Wales said they were determined to make ends meet, and proposed both to put on an Income Tax and to reduce expenses. Immediately an indignant member rises in the House and declares that if the Government cuts down his vote for roads and bridges and other matters in the district which he represents, he shall withdraw his support. And so it goes merrily on. Everyone has his own axe to grind and his own relatives or friends to find a snug billet for, and whilst all agreed that the expenditure must be reduced, no Government seems to have the power to carry it out. But such matters as these have a way of settling themselves, and in the present instance this is being brought about by the withdrawal of credit.

legitimate requirement. It is one of the characteristics of a nation to find a difficulty in living within its income, and Australia is merely suffering from this experience now. Of her financial soundness and of her powers to grow out of this phase of her youth there can be no doubt in the mind of any person who has visited the country. Nor can there be any doubt of the bright future time has in store for her. As Englishmen, we have reason to feel proud that the large and powerful nation growing up in Australia sprang from our own country, our own language, and is connected with us in the closest bonds of brotherhood. The Australians always speak of Great Britain as "Home," or the "Old Country," but oftenest as "Home," and the bond that exists between us is one of love and affection, the result of the recognition by the parent of the right of the offspring to self-government, and of the esteem and regard with which the parent which this has engendered in the offspring.





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